

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 557.—Vol. XXII.

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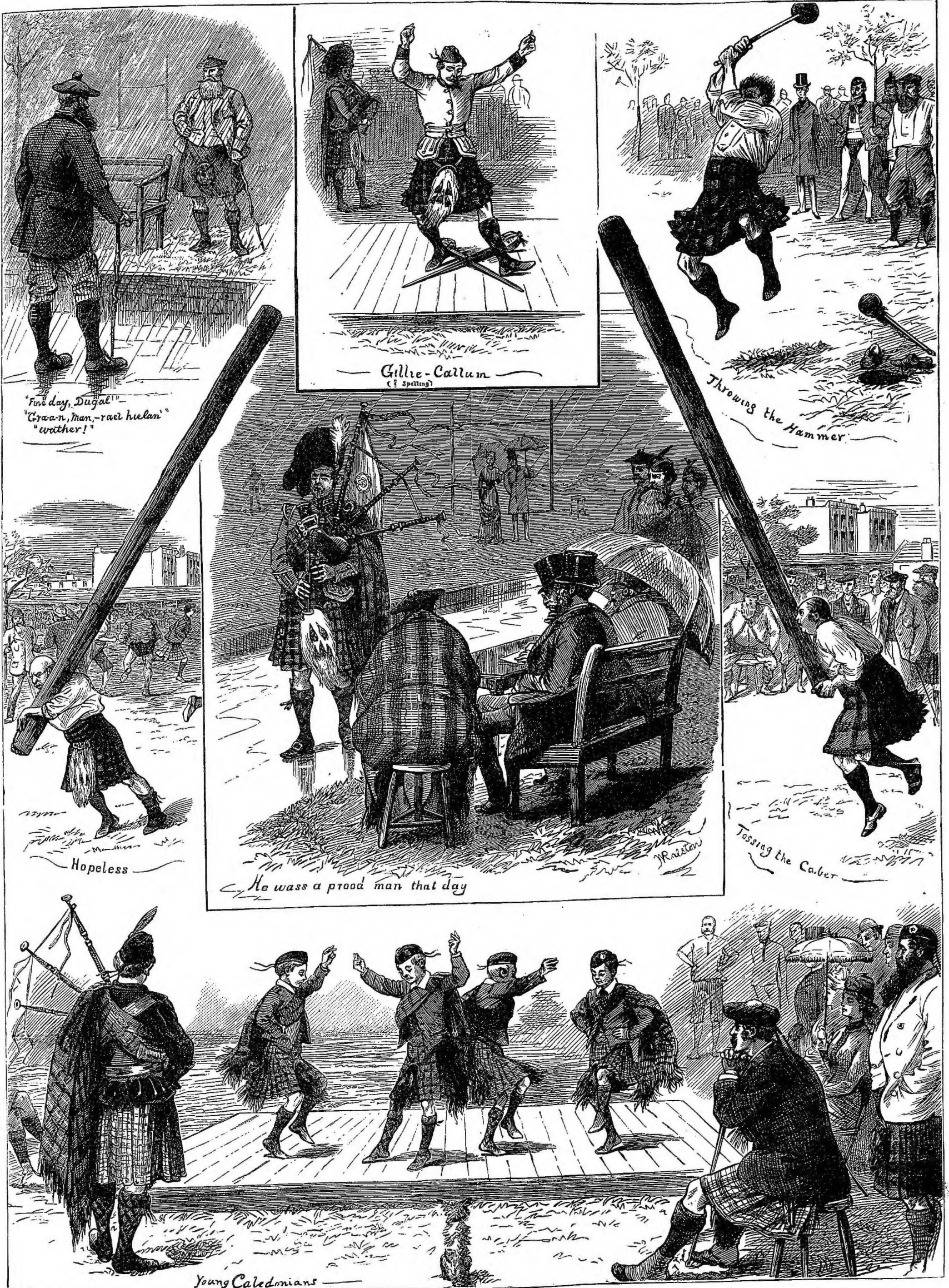
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 557.—VOL. XXII.
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1880

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SCOTTISH GAMES AT LILLIE BRIDGE

Topics of the Week

THE DEFEAT IN AFGHANISTAN.—The lamentable disaster to our arms in the neighbourhood of Candahar, the vague news of which reached England on Wednesday, came upon nearly every one in this country not merely as a terrible affliction, but also as an utter surprise. Up to that moment even well-informed persons were under the impression that at last a satisfactory arrangement had been made in Afghanistan, and that if the new Ameer proved loyal to his engagements the British forces might within a few months safely quit that barren and turbulent region. There was much talk of Abdurrahman and his prospects, while little notice was taken of Ayoob Khan, a Herati chieftain, who was creeping up from the westward towards Candahar. Nor was any serious anxiety caused by the untoward incidents of the 14th of July, when the regiments of the Wali of Candahar, whom we had ourselves supplied last April with small arms and artillery, mutinied against their chiefs, and succeeded, though after considerable loss, in joining Ayoob Khan's forces. Neither was this anxiety deepened by the telegrams received up to Wednesday morning, which showed that Ayoob Khan and Burrows were close together, and that some slight skirmishes had taken place. But now, when we are aware that the Herati leader's troops had been swelled by various accessions to some thirteen thousand men, while Burrows had only between two and three thousand, some of whom, being Candaharis, possibly proved untrustworthy at the critical juncture, an apprehension immediately arises that the fatal old British error, namely, that of underrating the enemy's capacities, has once more been committed. Whether the local or the Imperial authorities are to blame for this, we will not pause now to inquire, but there is much reason to fear that the new Government, anxious to add as little as possible to the burdens of a contest against which they had uniformly inveighed when in Opposition, had made it understood to their subordinates in India that the operation of getting clear of Afghanistan must be conducted as economically as possible. For the present, economy of this sort must be thrown to the winds; we must beat Ayoob Khan and his levies, for the simple reason that in Asia we cannot afford to sit down after a defeat. The interest now centres in the citadel of Candahar. It is proverbially dangerous to prophecy, but remembering how valiantly and successfully British soldiers have fought (as at Lucknow) behind the feeblest defences against overwhelming odds, there is good reason to hope that the citadel will be held even if the reinforcements should be delayed. One thing alone is certain. The disaster of the 26th has reopened the whole Afghan question.

DISAPPOINTED HOPES.—When the present Government came into power its supporters looked forward to a period of vigorous and beneficent legislation. And this brilliant period was to be "inaugurated" at once, for, as Mr. Lowe reminded his friends, the early days of a new Ministry are its golden days, and if it lets them slip it may not again secure so good an opportunity. Ardent Radicals must find it rather disheartening to compare their anticipations with the results which have been accomplished. A good many measures have been submitted to Parliament, but it is probable that the most important of them—the Irish Disturbance Bill—will be rejected by the Lords, while several others have already been abandoned. It is, indeed, doubtful whether the actual work done will compare favourably with the achievements of the much-abused Tory Ministry. Yet Mr. Gladstone commands an overwhelming majority, and everything indicated at the beginning of the Session that he had the confidence of the bulk of the people. It is foolish to pretend that his failure is due to Tory obstruction, since if he had been followed by his whole party he could easily have defeated his opponents. The truth is that the proposals of his Government have for the most part been hasty and ill-devised; and a great many Liberals have on particular questions either gone over to the enemy or abstained from voting. It has thus been made clear that there are elements of disturbance in the Liberal ranks, and that if greater caution is not displayed, these elements must soon lead to the rupture of the party. In foreign affairs Mr. Gladstone has received similar warnings as to the dangers of precipitate action. He has succeeded, it is true, in obtaining from a Conference decisions favourable to Greece; but he has at the same time revived passions which had been in some measure allayed, and nobody can feel sure that his impulsive humanity will not end by plunging Europe into the horrors of war.

HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT.—We have somewhere read a story of an English lady who chanced to fall ill while travelling in France. She was most devotedly nursed by a Sister of Mercy, and on her recovery thanked her warmly for her kindness. The Sister replied with frank ungraciousness, "I did not do it because I cared for *you*; *mais pour faire mon salut*." May it not be presumed that the nursing enthusiasm, which has been developed in this country since Miss Nightingale set the example, owes something to this powerful stimulus? Ladies of ardent religious feelings, and

unprovided with any compulsory mundane occupation, take to nursing as a valuable aid towards "making their souls," as the Irish phrase it. It is easy to see that if this be the chief motive for adopting the profession, other consequences will follow. Religious observances, both for nurse and patient, will be regarded as of far higher importance than sanitary regulations. Hence there will speedily be engendered an impatience of the orders and advice of the medical staff, who are wont, and very properly too, to be Gallios in these matters. If a man comes into the hospital with a broken leg, the ordinary surgeon believes that his primary duty towards that patient is to try and mend his leg as soon as he can, and he naturally regards with jealousy or contempt any arrangements which do not conduce pretty distinctly towards this object. For a long time past bad blood has existed at Guy's Hospital between the nursing staff and the medical staff, and now an unfortunate incident has brought matters to a climax. Perhaps we ought not to use the word "unfortunate." The blood of the martyrs is said to be the seed of the Church; and in like manner maybe the death of poor Louisa Morgan may cause a reform, which is sadly needed, in the method of governing some of our more richly-endowed hospitals. The Governors at present are usually persons of good social position, who trust everything to the Treasurer. He is practically master of the situation, and if he chooses to give his countenance to a body of nurses of whom the doctors disapprove, the doctors must grin and bear it. The true remedy appears to be that the Governing body should be enlarged, that medical men as well as laymen should have a voice in its consultations, and that the Treasurer should be restricted to his proper functions of looking after the finances. Then it would be found that proficiency in the art of healing (for good nursing is merely a branch of that art) would be a nurse's chief passport to employment; and some people would learn that, although Sairey Gamp, with her dishonesty her somnolency, and her private gin bottle, was an objectionable "party" in a hospital-ward; the modern Sister, when she aims at proselytism rather than at healing, and when she views her profession, not merely as an honest means of getting a livelihood, but as a solemn religious vocation, may in a different way do quite as much mischief. We do not imply that these are the characteristics of Miss Burt and her staff at Guy's Hospital; but it is difficult to understand how their proceedings can have excited such opposition among the medical staff, if, as Miss Lonsdale declares, their energies have been confined to the reform of gross abuses, for the doctors and students attending the hospital cannot surely desire that the patients should be neglected and ill-used. At the same time, we should be loth to accept Miss Lonsdale's sweeping charges, unless she can support them by trustworthy evidence.

A NEW IDENTIC NOTE.—If the presentation of "Notes" sufficed to bring obstinate Governments to their senses, Turkey ought to have been overcome long ago. It would be difficult to say how many of these documents have been submitted to her within the last few years, and the Powers still appear to have some faith in their efficacy. At any rate an Identic Note is about to be laid before the Porte, warning it that within three weeks it must concede the Montenegrin claims. If at the end of that time it has failed to comply with the "will of Europe," the combined fleet will steam into Turkish waters. This has a very alarming sound; and it is, of course, not impossible that the results may be serious. Unless, however, it can be proved that the Powers are absolutely united in their intentions, there is not much chance of the Porte being frightened by a mere naval demonstration. Unfortunately the evidence that there is a genuine European concert is as yet far from perfect. Nothing that has hitherto been proposed has put a severe strain upon the friendship of the various States. The summoning of a Conference, the signing of Notes, the despatch of ships to the Adriatic: these measures are comparatively simple, and commit no Government to any particular policy. The supreme test would be a proposal to subject Turkey to coercion. Then the question would arise whether this or that State could safely take part in an enterprise that might lead to stupendous consequences; and if this difficulty were disposed of, Europe would have to decide the precise amount of sacrifice to be imposed on each nation. If these matters were arranged, an Identic Note might produce a speedy impression, but while they are unsettled the Porte is not likely to give way before vague threats.

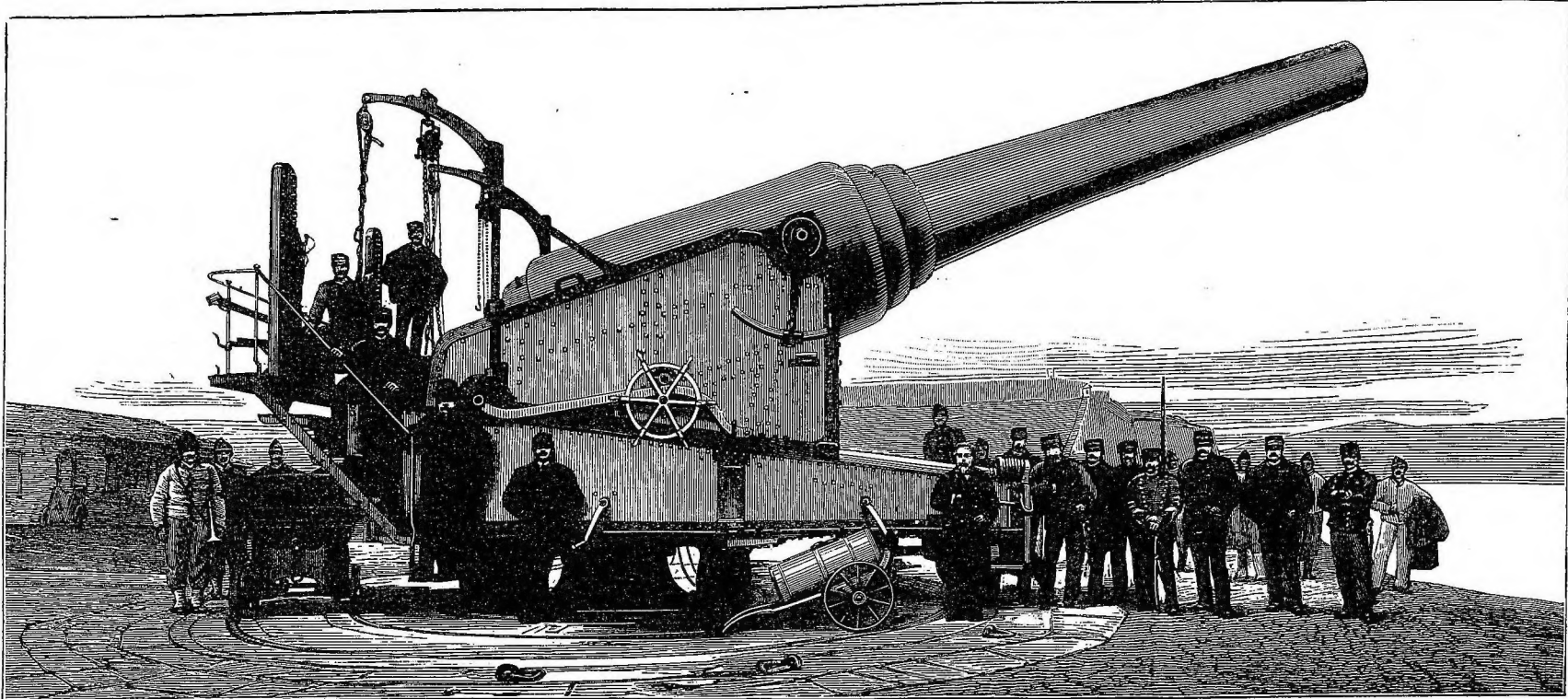
VACCINATION.—Irrespective of politics, several of the Government Bills brought forward during the present Session undergo strenuous opposition because they set aside some principle which has hitherto been regarded as firmly established. To this category belongs the endeavour to amend the Vaccination laws. Mr. Dodson cannot desire to enfeeble these laws, for in his own person and family he is a zealous vaccinator, but his belief appears to be that a child's chances of catching small-pox, and becoming a centre of infection, are not lessened by the imposition of repeated fines upon the parent. We are unable to see the matter in this light, we rather hold with Sir William Jenner and a host of other medical men that under the proposed alteration the anti-vaccinationists will be able to commute for a trifling sum a penalty which is at present cumulative, and which, therefore, may become serious in amount. At the same time

we would far sooner convert these people (who are, after all, but few in number) than levy fines upon them for a breach of law which, serious as its consequences may be, is due, not to criminal neglect, but to conscientious (though, we believe, erroneous) prejudice. And the best way to effect this conversion is to carry out the process of vaccination with the utmost care for the patients. The well-to-do have little to complain of in this respect; but the poor, among whom anti-vaccination prejudices are chiefly to be found, are not always so well cared for. It is not that the operation itself is performed ineffectively, on the contrary, the poor have usually a better guarantee than the rich that the lymph is unexceptionable in quality. But, on the other hand, mothers and babies are often kept waiting an unconscionable time for the operator, and the after mischief which sometimes follows, and which is often due to a cold draughty passage, is apt to be attributed to the unoffending lymph.

FRENCH SOCIALISTS.—Nobody really knows whether the Socialists who have been "deliberating" in Paris represent a powerful movement or not. They are sufficiently noisy and aggressive, but it does not follow that any considerable proportion of French workmen sympathise with them. It would, however, be rash to assume that they are powerless; and the chances are that the French Government gives much more serious attention to their proceedings than it cares to indicate. In a certain sense the Socialists of the present day are, perhaps, more dangerous than those of the last generation. The followers of Saint Simon, for instance, had no wish to appeal to force. They had a theory of society which, if it had been realised, would have revolutionised the world; but their object was to secure its triumph by the understanding and the affections. The orators who declaimed at the recent congress displayed a very different temper. Not content with denouncing property as robbery, they were for taking active measures without delay against the robbers. They seemed to be animated not so much by pity for the unfortunate as by hatred of the prosperous. If this spirit makes the Socialists of to-day more formidable than their predecessors in one way, it weakens them in another. It was possible for intellectual men to associate themselves with Saint Simon's schemes, and as a matter of fact a good many highly intellectual men were among his supporters. But nobody of ordinary education can heartily act with a set of persons who aim at the destruction of existing institutions without even having a plausible theory as to the institutions which ought to take their place.

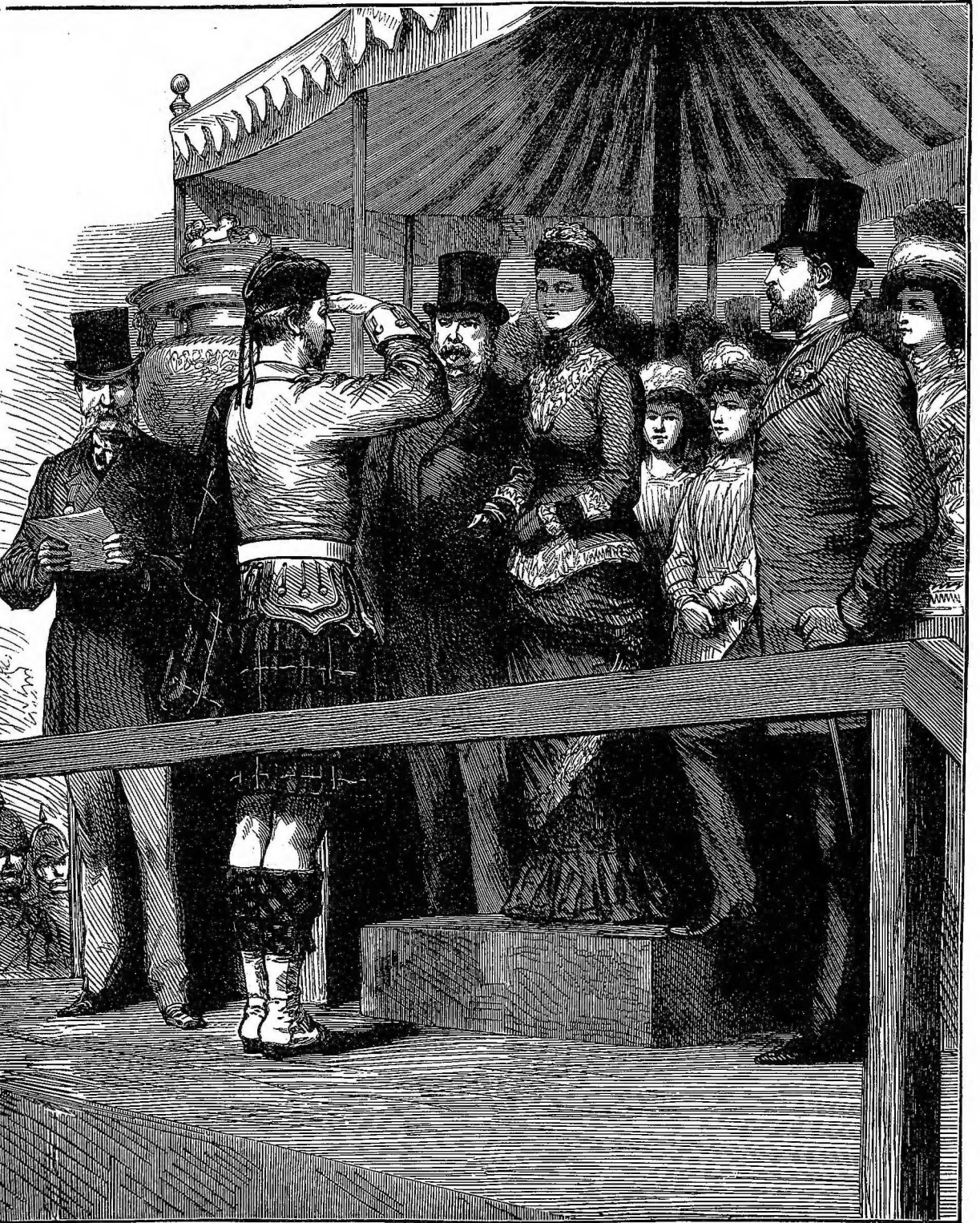
PNEUMATIC DESPATCH OF LETTERS.—Although Anglo-Saxondom is the mother of mechanical inventions, the English branch of it, at all events, seems slower in adopting certain practical discoveries than the countries of the Continent. Horse labour on tramways in this country still remains unsuperseded by steam power; and now we learn that the Parisians are enjoying the luxury of having their letters shot through a pneumatic tube, while we are as yet dependent on the agency of the letter-carrier or the electric wire. We believe that the General Post Office authorities have for some years used the pneumatic despatch system for their own convenience, in connexion with some of the district post offices, but they have not hitherto invited the public to participate in its advantages. We hope they will, however, do so, now that the Postmaster-General has promised to inquire into the methods pursued in Paris and Berlin. We want something in London between the postman and the electric telegraph. The former is very slow, especially as regards the communication between the suburbs and the central districts. A letter which could be carried by a messenger on foot in an hour, takes some three or four hours to travel by post. We do not complain of this, because under the present system it appears to be unavoidable. Even the telegraph, being a combination of lightning and boy, is not always as swift as it might be, besides which it is troublesome and costly. Supposing, however, that the price of telegrams, as appears likely, is reduced to sixpence, it would still be a great boon to Londoners if a plan could be devised (and the success of the pneumatic tube in Paris seems to hold out a hope of this) by which, for a fee of twopence or threepence, letters could be conveyed in about half the time now occupied in their transmission.

AMUSEMENT FOR LONDON YOUTHS.—A Conference met the other day in the Jerusalem Chamber for the purpose of devising methods of physical recreation for London youths belonging to the working classes. It is not often, in these days of conferences, that a meeting assembles for so good an object. At present lads between fourteen and twenty-one find it difficult in many parts of London to spend an evening in innocent amusement. They are far from open spaces, and there cannot, even in the best summer weather, be much opportunity for harmless fun in the streets. To provide reading rooms and courses of lectures for vigorous boys would be for the most part to throw away money. They do not care for entertainments of this kind, and would, as a rule, infinitely prefer (as the Americans say) to "loaf around." The inevitable consequence of the present state of things is that hundreds of youths get into serious mischief, and ultimately swell the ranks of the criminal classes. The Conference was of opinion that the best plan would be to institute gymnasia with cricket and football clubs, boat clubs, a cadet rifle corps, singing classes, baths, &c.; and a com-



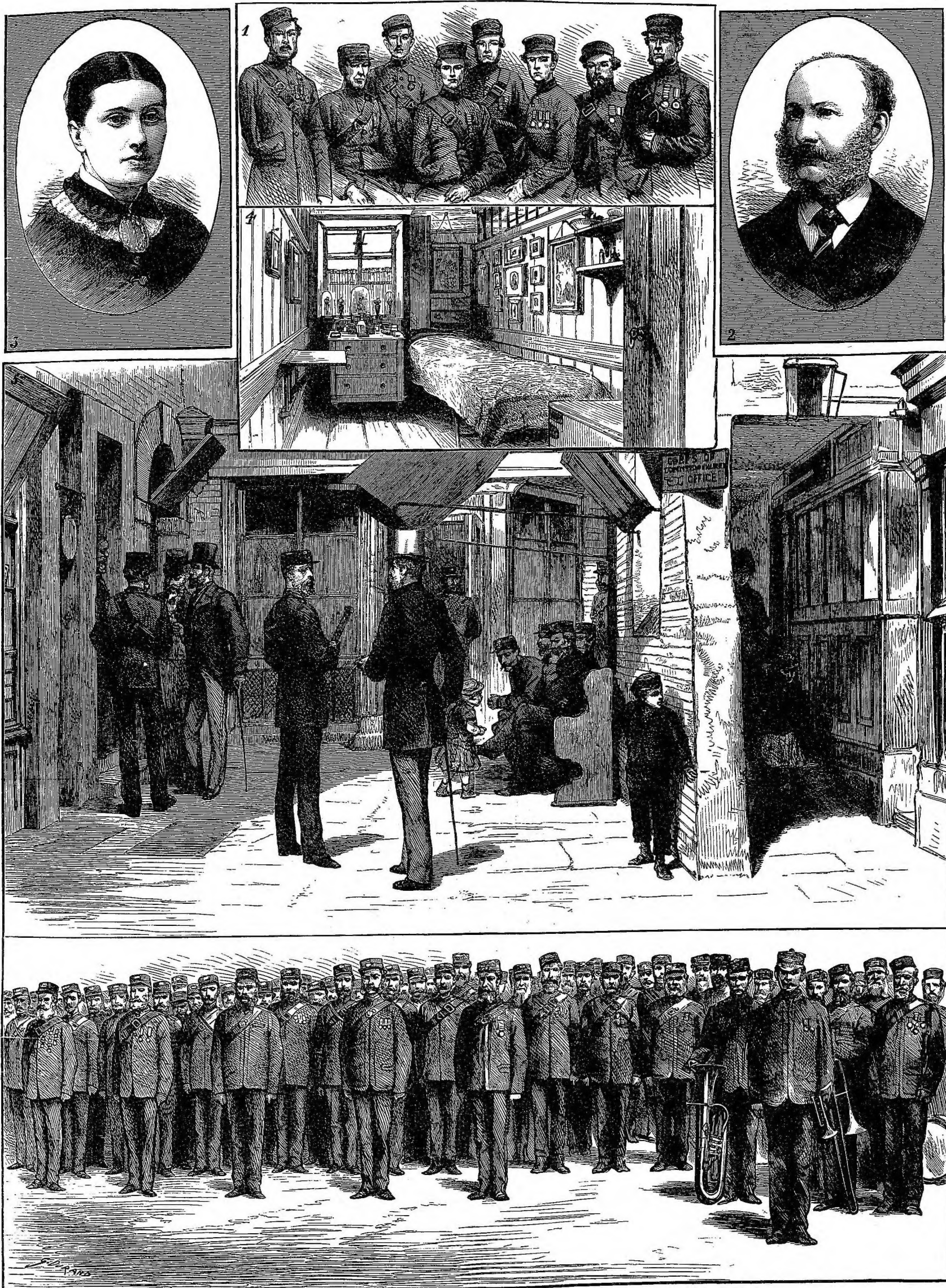
THE NEW ITALIAN HUNDRED-TON GUN

PRIVATE FERGUSON (FIRST ARGYLLSHIRE)
Winner of the Queen's Prize



THE PRINCESS OF WALES DISTRIBUTING THE PRIZES

THE VOLUNTEERS AT WIMBLEDON



1. Some of the Original Members.—2. Captain E. Walters, Founder and Commanding Officer of the Corps.—3. Mrs. Brook Smith, the Lady Adjutant.—4. A Bedroom in the Barracks.—5. The Head Quarters, Exchange Court, Strand.—6. A General Parade.

THE CORPS OF COMMISSIONAIRES

unlike other military bands, there is no danger of their being obliged to forego an engagement in consequence of being ordered on some unforeseen service. The strictest military discipline is maintained, and it is satisfactory to note that the proportion of offences and dismissals is very small, while the percentage of sickness bears testimony to the temperate habits of the men and the efficiency of the medical staff. The income of the establishment is insufficient to defray the expenses, which increase with every addition to the roll of men, and a special appeal for pecuniary aid has, therefore, been made by Captain Walter, the Commanding Officer. It need only be added that the headquarters of the Corps are situated in Exchange Court, 419A, Strand, where day and night an orderly is in attendance, and where subscriptions or donations may be sent to the "Paymaster" of the Corps.

"LOOK AHEAD, SIR!"—A REMINISCENCE OF HENLEY REGATTA

HENLEY Regatta is always one of the most favourite events of the London season, and this year was even more brilliantly attended than usual, the fine weather of the second day in particular having attracted many thousands to the river banks, though curiously enough the greater portion of the throng betook themselves to boats, and watched the contests from the water. The river was thus more crowded than usual, and the inevitable "Look ahead, sir!" which is ever heard at every up-river gathering, was shouted on all sides. The novelty of the regatta, however, was a species of Venetian gondola, propelled by a veritable Venetian gondolier in veritable Venetian costume, who showed his traditional skill in piloting his sable craft in and out the crowd of boats with an ease and grace which many an oarsman must have envied. Canadian canoes, with their characteristic paddles, have already made an appearance on the river, and now we have the gondola, which, to judge from the effect produced, is not unlikely to become a favourite on the river, so that ere long we may expect to hear the old Venetian cries of "Right" or "Left" in place of the sharp admonition of "Now, then, where are you coming to?" which at present forms the war cry of the river. Perhaps also the next aquatic novelty may be the picturesque *caïque*—the swallow of the Bosphorus—with a true believer for its *caiquejee*. These little boats are eminently fitted for the river, and are as swift and light as the most rapid canoeist could desire.

THE SCOTTISH CORPORATION BUILDING

THE new building for the Scottish Corporation just completed stands upon the site of the old edifice at the end of Crane Court. As it is highly probable that some of our readers have never even heard of the Scottish Corporation, it may be as well to say a few words concerning its history. The institution dates from the time of James I., and it seems to have been a kind of savings' bank, but by degrees it has changed its original character, and has now become a charitable corporation for the distribution of small pensions to poor but deserving natives of North Britain residing in the metropolis, and occasionally for making grants to enable them to return to their homes. The meetings for paying these pensions are held every month, and are preceded by a religious service in the chapel.

The former building, or Hall, of the Scottish Corporation was entirely destroyed by fire in 1877, and unfortunately the Society was unable to save three valuable pictures which adorned the Board Room. The first of these represented Mary, Queen of Scots; the second was a picture of the Scottish Regalia; and the third was a fine portrait, by Wilkie, of William IV. The building, which was a plain but substantial structure, is said to have been erected from a design by Sir Christopher Wren.

The new Hall is a striking and original-looking building, in the old Scottish baronial style, with round angle turrets, a steep roof, and square mullioned windows. It is entered through an arched doorway to the left of the front, which leads to the great staircase and the chapel. The latter is a perfectly plain apartment, but the hall above it is treated in a more ornamental manner. The fireplace at the end of the room opposite the entrance is composed of marble and alabaster, and is surmounted by a boldly-executed representation of the Royal arms (probably those of Charles II.) carved in stone. This was saved from the destruction of the old building. The ceiling is divided by small oak ribs into compartments, each of which is decorated with a representation of the thistle. The panellings, doors, &c., are all framed in oak, and a series of coats of arms of the chief benefactors to the Corporation are being executed and placed in the panels just under the cornice, which will have a decorative and lively effect. The architect of the new building is Professor Donaldson, F.R.I.B.A.

THE RISCA COLLIERY EXPLOSION

"THE TWO WIDOWS:" Many pathetic scenes may always be observed at a pit's mouth after a colliery accident, when the relatives of those below gather round in agonised doubt as to the fate of their loved ones. Perhaps, however, no more moving incident ever occurred than that shown in our engraving, which was witnessed by our artist, Mr. T. H. Thomas, 45, The Walk, Cardiff, on the morning after the Risca explosion. Amid the waiting grief-stricken crowd were two women—the one a young wife who had lost her husband in the present disaster, and the other an aged widow whose husband had been killed in the explosion which took place in the same pit on December 1st, 1860, when 145 men lost their lives. The elder was consoling the younger with kind soothing words, while the eyes of both were filled with tears, and each grasped the other's hand in sympathetic emotion.

"LORD BRACKENBURY"

A NEW NOVEL, by Miss Amelia B. Edwards, is continued on page 117.

CORPUS CHRISTI FESTIVAL AT VALENCIA

THE Festival of Corpus Christi is not in the Anglican Calendar, but is a high day in that of Rome. It was instituted in honour of the doctrine of Transubstantiation by Pope Urban IV. about the year 1263, and confirmed by the Council of Vienne in 1311.

At Valencia in Spain the festival is observed with exceeding solemnity, most elaborate processions being organised, and an awning of blue and white linen (commonly called the "Sail of the Corpus Christi") being stretched over the Plaza de la Constitucion. The Rocas, or seven triumphal cars, are drawn from the house in which, with the other properties for the ceremony, they are kept during the whole year. They are shaped like barges, 12 or 14 feet long by 8 feet wide. At the after end is erected a small temple in which is placed an image, the height of the whole being 20 feet. Most of these Rocas were built in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; but one was constructed so lately as 1855, to commemorate the quatercentenary of the canonisation of St. Vincente Ferrer. On all the Rocas dancers dance to the music of dulcimers.

The principal procession sets out at 3 p.m., and includes a vast variety of characters, both religious and secular. There are the seven deadly sins with Virtue in their midst; Spanish and Turkish cavaliers in antique costume on pasteboard horses; a group representing the Flight of Joseph with his wife and child into Egypt; the soldiers of Herod who beheaded the Innocents; a company of dwarfs and giants dressed in pairs to represent the four quarters of the globe,—thereby symbolising that all men from the least to the greatest give adoration to God, who is the Redeemer of all; groups of Old and New Testament heroes, patriarchs, and

saints; a boy leading a lamb, symbol of the Baptist; the priests of the cathedral bearing sacred images; old men bearing candles, representing those who saw St. John adoring the Lamb; young men with vases containing the attributes of the Eucharist; and the Host, carried by twelve priests under a canopy and surrounded by incense-bearers.

After the Host come the Archbishop and the city authorities, the procession being closed by a body of cavalry. After going round the city, it returns to the cathedral.

"STRINGING PEARLS AT VENICE"

EVER since the latter end of the fifteenth century the manufacture of pearl beads has been a favourite industry of the Venetians, and though the present form of bead owes its discovery to a Frenchman named Jacquin, Venice still holds her own in the production of these pretty baubles. Formed of a thin kind of glass, so easily blown that a workman can turn out six thousand in his day's work, these beads are coated with a composition obtained from the scales of fish, and this gives them their glossy pearl-like appearance. They are then strung on long strings ready for the market by women, and it is this portion of industry, as the most picturesque, that Mr. C. Van Haanen has chosen for his clever picture in the Royal Academy Exhibition. In this the artist has represented a group of laughing black-eyed, full-lipped, scandal-loving Venetian *donzellas*—all chattering vigorously over their work—as Italian maidens only can laugh and chatter. The ungainly figure of the forewoman, the *padrona*, sets off the graceful forms of her work girls to perfection.

NEW MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT

See page 124.

LIFE IN JAMAICA

THE officer to whom we are indebted for our sketches speaks enthusiastically of Jamaica, in spite of its tropical heat, and still more unpleasant tropical rains. Notwithstanding the proximity to the equator, Englishmen manage to keep up there their proverbial love of sport; they play cricket, they ride amateur races, and they shoot snipe; while no one, unless he is utterly insensible to scenery, can fail to admire the luxuriant foliage and the varying tints on the mountains at sunrise and sunset, when the hill tops catch the reflection of the clouds, changing from gold to crimson, and from crimson to purple, till the sun goes down, and the fireflies sparkle in the dark bushes, making the valleys below look like an enormous town lighted by innumerable lamps.

Having received an invitation to visit a planter on the north side of the island, four of the officers procured a week's leave of absence, and then hired two travelling buggies. To an English eye these are flimsy-looking structures, with their spidery wheels and tumble-down hoods. And the horses are wretched-looking brutes, but, in spite of raw backs and shoulders, they travel well.

The road lay through the far-famed and misnamed Bog Walk, which is really a most picturesque thoroughfare, inasmuch as it runs alongside of a foaming river between two steep walls of rock. Then Mount Diablo being climbed with some difficulty, the descent begins, and at last St. Ann's is reached.

The planter's house is thus described. "A broad grass carriage drive winds up the steep ascent, twisting in and out among the gnarled stems of lofty trees. Presently, a great waterfall is seen, foaming over big boulders, and careering away in a silver stream through the meadows below. The house is a low long picturesque building, with a steep tiled roof and verandahs, covered with roses and creepers. The house is surrounded with a lawn, on one side of which the river runs among feathery bamboos and waving palm-trees." The party spent four most delightful days with the hospitable planter. One night there was a dance, which had to be kept up till morning, as the roads were far too bad to allow of the departure of any guests before daylight. For a long time the dancing was kept up with unflagging energy; but, as the small hours advanced, even these vivacious folks began to feel tired, and many found it more congenial to retire into secluded corners—a circumstance which probably suggested our *l'été-à-l'été* sketch.

THE NEW BERTHON COLLAPSING BOAT

THE Rev. E. L. Berthon is already known as the inventor of many kinds of collapsing boats, which have been adopted by our authorities as well as foreign Governments, the merchant navy, &c. The subject of our sketches has just been taken up by the Admiralty.

The Thornycroft torpedo launches having nothing on board excepting life buoys in which the crew could launch themselves in case of accident, it is intended to fit them with the new Berthon boat which, when collapsed and packed, will stow away in so small a compass as 6 feet by 2 feet 14 inches. Each boat is a dingey which can be adjusted in a few minutes, and, if necessary, two can be joined together by the flat ends or stern, forming one boat which will comfortably hold six persons. This is done by pinning the two hinges on the gunwales.

The Berthon boats are constructed of a double thickness of strong watertight canvas stretched on a slight wooden framework. When wanted for use the sides are pulled up, two light pieces of wood on either side are raised supporting the gunwales, the thwart is then put in their places, securely pinned, and the boat is ready. The real intention is that every soul on board a ship shall have ready at hand a means of securing himself safely in case of accident. Her Majesty's troopers have for some time been supplied with collapsing boats, but of a larger size, and resembling life-boats.

On June 29th last experiments were made at Cherbourg which resulted in success, the *Torpilleur* (French torpedo boat) going sixteen knots with the Berthon in tow, proved how seaworthy the latter was, riding over rather than ploughing the water.

A few days ago Admiral Ryder and a large number of officers, &c., witnessed some very interesting experiments with torpedo boats. Three of the duplex boats were launched from H.M.S. *Sprightly*, and sent to the torpedo boats with orders to close them and stow away on board. The Port Admiral then signalled to return and come alongside; the first of Mr. Berthon's boats was brought on deck, set up, and manned in less than two minutes.

Should one half the double boat be destroyed, it can be immediately detached, the crew betaking themselves to the other half. They are built in compartments. The dimensions of each dingey are 6 feet long, 2 feet deep, by 4 feet broad.

Mr. Berthon applies his invention to pontoons for military purposes in crossing rivers—the great thing being their extreme lightness.

SOMERVILLE HALL

It is now almost two years since Oxford was first stirred by projects of rivalling her sister University in the provision of Higher Education for Women. After a period of many meetings and much debate, an organisation sprung up which has been in working order since last October, and which promises to become before long at least as complete and effective as that of Cambridge. In the first place there is at Cambridge an Association for Promoting the Higher Education of Women, the Committee of which manage the whole of the teaching arrangements. They provide the lectures and lecture-rooms on which the whole scheme really depends. Connected in an informal way with the Association are two halls for the reception of women students, Somerville Hall, founded in memory of Mrs. Somerville, and Lady Margaret Hall, of which Miss Elizabeth Wordsworth is Principal. Our sketches represent the first of these.

Somerville Hall was first started mainly by the efforts of Oxford residents, aided, however, by much generous help and good advice from outside. Its external affairs are managed by a Committee, the Chairman of which is Mr. Percival, President of Trinity College, well known a short time ago as Head Master of Clifton. The Principal of Somerville Hall is Miss Madeleine Shaw Lefevre, sister of the present Secretary to the Admiralty, and daughter to Sir John Shaw Lefevre, who died last summer, just before the opening of the Hall, in whose progress he had taken much interest. The Hall began work two days after the opening of the October Term, 1879, with thirteen students, and has since been prospering to the full as much as its founders could reasonably expect in these days of competition, when any new institution of the kind finds itself heavily handicapped at starting by the *prestige* of elder and well-known rivals. In the long run, it is hoped and believed that Oxford will be seen to present as many advantages as Cambridge to a girl-student. The system of teaching is equally good. The two Halls at present started have been so far extremely successful, while for the assistance of such students as want help, there are already a considerable number of scholarships and exhibitions in existence. But for a time, of course, as is only natural and right, those who began first and struggled longest will keep to the front. The supporters of the Oxford scheme are quite content to expect a gradual growth; and all concerned, students included, are fully aware that everything will depend upon the efforts of the first few years. Such a consciousness can only give additional zest and interest to the work both of teachers and taught.

Somerville Hall is an old-fashioned grey stone house, built about sixty or seventy years ago, and now almost covered by wisteria and Virginian creeper. It stands in a large garden close to one of the main thoroughfares of Oxford, St. Giles's, and is approached from the street by a long shady drive of which our first sketch will give an impression. In front is the house, beyond which is the garden, while on the right are the cottages, a couple of small old-fashioned houses, which have been thrown together and fitted up for the use of students. Here are some of the most charming rooms in the Hall, not so large as those in the main building, but with a touch of picturesqueness and originality about their irregular outlines and tempting bow-windows, which more than makes up in the eyes of their owners for their smaller size. In the house proper the ground floor is taken up with the dining-room, the Principal's sitting-room, a comfortable drawing-room, bright with etchings and engravings, and a dining-room capable of holding twenty students. On the first and second floors are students' rooms, arranged very much as at Newnham Hall. Each room does duty as sitting-room and bedroom combined, but so cleverly is the latter purpose disguised in the day time that few casual visitors would discover it. Sketch No. 5 gives a view of one of these rooms, which with their flowers and knick-knacks, their books and writing-tables, have at once a pleasant, and if one may so say a practical effect.

The drawing-room windows open on to the roomy old-fashioned garden, which is the great charm of the place. The garden front of the house is given in Sketch No. 3. Before it stretches a small field, broken by spreading apple-trees, and bounded by walks and pieces of garden ground, which, in full summer, when the place is deserted, are gay with old-fashioned flowers. Cows are to be seen in the field, for the Hall boasts a tiny farm, and raises its own milk, eggs, and bacon. To the left, in a picturesque corner, drawn in sketch No. 4, is the lawn tennis court, which is well used both in winter and summer, while beyond the field is a kitchen garden, and closing in the whole view rises the pile of the University Press. On the whole, a visitor who knows Oxford will feel that no better site could have been obtained for the Hall than that it now occupies. It is spacious, it is central, and it is at the same time exceptionally quiet and secluded. On all accounts it is to be hoped that the Hall will be enabled to keep a permanent hold upon it.



THE MIDDLESEX CONSERVATIVES on Saturday celebrated the return of Lord G. Hamilton and Mr. Coope to Parliament by a banquet at the Alexandra Palace, under the presidency of Lord John Manners, who said that if asked to describe the present Session, he should parody a well-known nursery rhyme, and say—

What is this Session made of?
Bradlaugh and blunder,
Plunder and thunder,
That's what this Session's made of.

Lord G. Hamilton said that there were signs in the country generally of the people "returning to sanity and convalescence;" and that the chief merit of the Premier's majority, like that of the Gladstone bag, seemed to be its "collapsibility."

MAJOR-GENERAL BURNABY is apparently determined to distinguish himself at the expense of the Government. Speaking last week at the annual dinner of the National Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations, he indulged in alliteration as well as abuse, declaring that "if Conservatives were but true, they would prove more than a match for Mr. Gladstone and his guerillas (one of our contemporaries reports it as 'gorillas'), Mr. Forster and his filibusters, and Mr. Bright and his banditti."

THE SHEFFIELD LIBERAL ASSOCIATION have adopted a resolution emphatically condemning the Opposition for its "captious, litigious, and artful expedients to prevent the progress of Parliamentary business, and to wear out the strength of the Government;" and denouncing their conduct as "trifling with national interests, and tending to reduce representative institutions to a mockery, and to lower the House of Commons in the estimation of the country and the world."

THE TRINITY HOUSE BANQUET was held on Saturday at the Trinity House, Tower Hill, Admiral Sir Richard Collinson, Deputy-Master presiding in the absence of the Master the Duke of Edinburgh. Most of the speeches were non-political; but Sir A. Cockburn, in proposing "Her Majesty's Ministers," though he began by saying that the occasion was not one for political criticism, went on to describe what "some persons might think" concerning the proposed interference with landlord and tenant in Ireland, the abolition of "ground game," and the addition of a penny to the income tax.

MR. DODSON, about the validity of whose second return for Chester there was much doubt in the minds of those learned in the law, has cut the Gordian knot by accepting the Stewardship of the Manor of Northstead, an office similar to that of the Chiltern Hundreds. Being thus a free man, he has become a candidate for Scarborough, where, however, he will have to measure his strength with that of Mr. Arthur Duncombe, the Conservative candidate.

LIVERPOOL has again a vacant seat, Lord Ramsay having succeeded to a seat in the Upper Chamber, in consequence of the death of his father, the late Earl of Dalhousie. There will be a contest, the Conservatives running Lord Claud John Hamilton, and the Liberals either Mr. William Rathbone or Mr. Plimsoll, whilst Mr. William Simpson intends to come forward on his own account.

JULY 31, 1880

THE COMPLETE AMNESTY ASSOCIATION need not, it seems, expect much gratitude from some at least of the proscribed Fenians for whose benefit they are working. Mr. John O'Leary, writing to the *New York Herald*, says: "I am in no way enamoured of exile; but I shall far prefer to remain for the next four years or so in Paris, or even in New York, than owe, or seem to owe, the slightest favour whatever to Messrs. Biggar, Finigan, or Barry, or any other honourable gentlemen with the same or similar antecedents."

FENIANISM IN MANCHESTER.—A trio of Fenian delegates from America have arrived at Manchester with the avowed object of reviving the brotherhood, and it is stated that they are pledged to return until there are again 3,000 Fenians in the "City of the Three Martyrs." Each Irishman who has been induced to secede from the movement by the Roman Catholic clergy is to be personally interviewed, and frequent meetings are to be held.

THE CITY COMPANIES.—The following is the composition of the Parliamentary Commission appointed to inquire into the management of the City Livery Companies. Lord Derby (Chairman), the Duke of Bedford, Viscount Sherbrooke, Lord Coleridge, Sir R. A. Cross, Sir N. M. de Rothschild, Sir S. H. Waterlow, Alderman Cotton, and Messrs. Albert Pell, H. James, Firth, and Burt.

THE INNER CIRCLE RAILWAY.—Parliament has rejected the Bill by which the companies sought to obtain power to burrow beneath and "underpin" the houses on the proposed route between Aldgate and Cannon Street, and the completion of the Inner Circle Railway, which has been talked of for quite sixteen years, is once more set aside for an indefinite period.

THE LONDON BRIDGES.—The Board of Works, after purchasing the Thames Bridges at a cost of 1,373,325*l.*, now finds it necessary to spend 640,000*l.* in repairing them. Those of Putney and Battersea will have to be entirely rebuilt; the foundations of Waterloo are partly washed away, and must be at once set right; Vauxhall needs similar repairs, and its three central arches are to be converted into one; Lambeth Bridge is rusty, five feet of the cable having yielded 9 lb. weight of rust; Battersea is nine feet out of the perpendicular; and the Albert Suspension Bridge tips over considerably when loaded on one side.

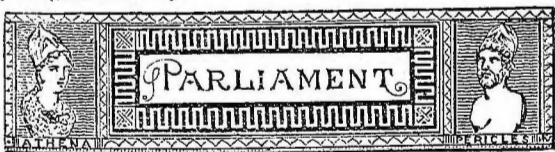
THE HOSPITAL SUNDAY FUND, which has this year proved larger than ever, the amount available for distribution being over 29,000*l.*, has been divided amongst 130 institutions, including eighty hospitals, and forty-six dispensaries. An award of 525*l.* allotted to the Eastbourne Convalescent Hospital has been deferred, pending inquiry into a charge of active religious proselytising.

THE BRIGHTON COACH.—The "Defiance," four-horse amateur coach, was upset in the Lewisham Road on Saturday through the snapping of an axle and the consequent loss of a wheel. The passengers were thrown headlong into the road, but no one seems to have been seriously hurt as most of them proceeded on the journey on the Greenwich coach, to which the horses were transferred. The accident is attributed to a wheel having caught in the tram-rails. Mr. Flowers was driving, and Captain Blythe, the owner of the coach, was on the box by his side.

THE "ATALANTA" FETE AND CONCERT given at Kensington House on Saturday was a great success, being very fashionably attended. More than 1,000*l.* was taken in cash at the doors, and it is thought that quite another 1,000*l.* worth of tickets had been previously sold. To this must be added the contributions of the many fair stall-keepers. Among the visitors were the Prince and Princess of Wales, who had a body guard of thirty blue-jackets from the royal yacht *Osborne*.

BOATING AND BATHING ACCIDENTS.—On Saturday a very serious fatality occurred in the Thames, near Shepperton, where a steam launch ran into a small boat, cutting it completely in two, and four out of its six occupants were drowned, two of the victims being children of tender years. The accident happened after dark, and it is said that the launch carried no light.—On Monday a small sailing boat, in which three persons had embarked at Castleton, Isle of Man, on the previous Friday, and about which some anxiety had been felt, was found bottom upwards off Langness Point.—An extraordinary accident is reported from Stoneleigh Park, near Leamington, where a gentleman named Gilbert, a tutor at Arnold Lodge School, broke his neck by diving into the river where the water was only three feet deep.—Near Monmouth, the other day, as two little girls were playing by the river side the elder fell into the water, and the younger, a baby of three-and-a-half years, plunged in to her rescue, and seized her by the hair. She, however, failed to keep her hold, but managed to scramble out and give the alarm, and her sister was ultimately saved.

A NEW PARK FOR DUBLIN.—St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, has been converted into a people's park by Lord Ardilaun at a cost of 20,000*l.* It was thrown open to the public on Tuesday without any inaugural ceremony.



THE Compensation for Disturbance Bill has at length left the House of Commons, to the supreme satisfaction of all concerned, save, perhaps, those who carried their dislike of the Government to the verge of vindictiveness. It must be a strong Government, indeed, that can stand such a racket as Mr. Gladstone's has suffered in connection with this unfortunate measure. At the last moment the Opposition marshalled against it began to show signs of collapse. This was probably less owing to physical and mental weariness—than to the thought that had something to do with the phenomenon—than to the conviction that whatever might happen in the Commons the Bill was doomed in the Lords. It has already been read a first time in that House, a ceremony purely formal. The tug of battle will come on Monday, when the Second Reading is to be proposed, and the rejection of the Bill will be moved by Earl Grey.

This last circumstance is not without its significance. The name of Grey has been associated with many triumphs of Liberalism, and though his present lordship as he advances in years has not proved insensible to the influence which seems to mellow venerable Liberals into mild Conservatives, he still remains an accepted exponent of Liberal principles. In this particular instance he will in his opposition to the Government have the support of a large number of Liberals, many of whom are untainted by what is called Whiggism. Even in ordinary circumstances the natural Conservative majority in the Lords is strong enough to throw out any Bill against which they may set their backs. With an alliance with the Liberal Benches it is probable that the Opposition will on this occasion triumph by an unprecedented majority.

This attitude of the Lords is only an exaggeration of the view taken of the Bill in the Commons. There the present influence of Mr. Gladstone is enormous, and many Liberals who secretly dislike the Bill have consented to vote for it because the Premier has nailed its colours to the Ministerial mast. They vote for it, but they will neither speak for it nor cheer others who do. In these circumstances it is astonishing to hear Mr. Forster indignantly resenting opposition, and protesting against the charge that he has shown himself ready to do anything to pacify it by changing front. For nearly an hour on Monday night he laboured to show that this is not only the best of all possible Bills, but that it is precisely the Bill introduced by him in the first instance. That Mr. Forster

has really convinced himself of the truth of this statement no one can question. At the same time, it can hardly be listened to with patience in an assembly which has for the space of three weeks been bewildered by the frequent proposals of change emanating from the Treasury Bench. In the despair engendered by the chill atmosphere of distrust and dislike in which he has lived as promoter of the Bill, Mr. Forster has desperately turned in all directions in search of some compromise that would buy off the opponent of the hour. That he has not always succeeded has not been his fault. As Mr. Clarke showed in an able speech, the variations actually introduced into the Bill as compared with the original draft bear a slight proportion to the successive proposals made by Mr. Forster in the course of wriggling the Bill through.

It would have been much better frankly to have acknowledged the unfortunate act, or judiciously to have omitted all reference to it. Neither of these courses suited Mr. Forster's temperament, and amid polite incredulity on one side, and jeering contradiction on the other, he held on his way; insisting, as he may with truth, upon the exaggerated descriptions of the probable effects of the Bill indulged in by its opponents, and outwitting all exaggeration by the representation of his own immovability.

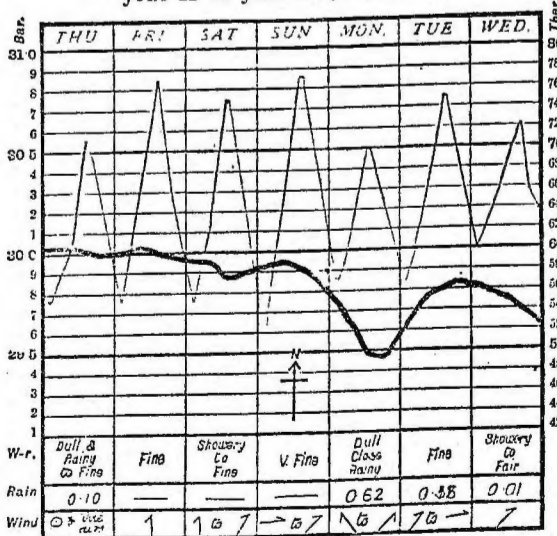
The House of Commons would have been glad to have gone to a division forthwith, and so have made an end of the business. It is impossible to believe that there is any human being who supposes that one grain of desirable effect resulted from the prolongation of the debate until two o'clock on Tuesday morning. It is true that it enabled Colonel Tottenham to show that he can speak intelligibly and even sensibly for the space of an hour. It afforded Lord Elcho an opportunity, which he remorselessly seized, of inconsequentially talking for an hour and a half. It also supplied several new members with an opportunity of making their *début*, hitherto obstructed by preference given to others when they rose to speak. These may be desirable results in their way, but it is clear that they affect nobody but the gentlemen who so indulged their own weakness. As far as the division was concerned, or as far as public opinion out of doors was to be affected, there can be no doubt that the debate on Monday was literally a waste of the time and the gas of the House of Commons. At two o'clock in the morning, when the division was announced, it was found that 303 had voted for the Bill and 237 against it. If this arrangement of figures was in any way influenced by the debate it was solely in the case of a few members who, worn out with waiting and sick to death of the whole business, gave up their original intention of voting, and went home before the division was called. But obviously it would be purely accidental whether one side or the other benefited by this human frailty.

Tuesday was, in another way, a day not less completely wasted as far as advance of public business is concerned. Supply, which is sorely needed, only one half of the votes being up to the present time passed, was placed as the first order of the day. A morning sitting was taken with the amiable intention of cutting off members having notices of amendments who had also engagements in the City. This design was hopelessly and completely frustrated. At the outset the City claimed a considerable slice of time by consideration of a Bill to complete the Inner Circle of the Underground Railways. This Bill was opposed by the united powers of the Corporation and the Board of Works, on the specific ground that the railway companies desired to shirk their responsibility in the way of street making. The Bill was thrown out by a small majority, and then the Rathmines Water Works Company claimed the attention of Imperial Parliament. These two occupied the space of nearly four hours, after which a morning sitting practically vanished. There was just time to put and answer the questions, and Dr. Cameron had barely risen to move as an amendment to going into Committee of Supply a resolution calling for cheaper telegraphic facilities when the sitting was suspended.

The House resumed at nine o'clock, and Dr. Cameron, refreshed and invigorated during the dinner hour, continued his speech. Regarded from a Parliamentary point of view this may have been a valuable speech and a desirable motion. Regarded from a common sense and practical point of view it was simply using the House of Commons as a place from which Dr. Cameron might deliver a speech. The views of the Postmaster-General were conveyed in an exhaustive speech to a deputation which waited on him a few days ago. Mr. Fawcett had nothing to add to this. Nor did he add anything, making the same speech over again to about a score of members. Of course, Dr. Cameron withdrew his amendment, which even before Mr. Fawcett spoke had secured its object. Then followed a long series of other amendments, and it was half-past one when Supply, the substantial object of the day's meeting was reached. Mr. Biggar then very properly objected to go on, and so the day closed.

On Wednesday great progress was made with the Customs and Inland Revenue Bill, but the legislative business of the sitting was overshadowed by the announcement made by Lord Hartington of the fresh disaster to the British arms in Afghanistan.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK JULY 22 TO JULY 28 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather this week, although fine on the whole, has maintained something of the changeable, unsettled character that has characterised it for so long past. The finest days were Friday (23rd inst.), Sunday (25th inst.), and Tuesday (27th inst.). On the two first-named occasions the shade temperature rose to 77°, and on the last to 75°. The most unseasonable day was Monday (26th inst.), when a considerable quantity of rain fell, and the thermometer did not rise above 70° all day. Pressure has been very unsteady, various depressions having passed over our western and northern coasts, and the winds have varied in direction between south and west. The barometer was highest (30.02 inches) on Thursday and Friday (22nd and 23rd inst.); lowest (29.47 inches) on Monday (26th inst.); range, 0.55 inches. Temperature in the shade was highest (77°) on Friday (23rd inst.) and Sunday (25th inst.); lowest (51°) on Sunday (25th inst.); range, 26°. Rain fell on four days. Total amount, 0.88 inches. Greatest fall on any one day (0.61 inches), on Monday (26th inst.).



MARSHAL BAZAINE is seriously ill at Madrid.

A CONGRESS OF EUROPEAN JOURNALISTS is to be held in Brussels next year.

THE AMERICAN CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE, which last week reached New York in safety, is to be placed in Central Park.

A GIANT HORSE, born in Ohio, has just been bought in New York by Barnum, for 200*l.* This equine Goliath measures 7 feet high, weighs 2,450 lbs., and is the tallest horse known.

A VERY FINE FRESCO, by Fra Angelino of Fiesole, has been acquired by the Paris Louvre. It was removed with considerable difficulty from a convent in the neighbourhood of Fiesole.

A BELGIAN LOTTERY, under the authorisation of the Government, is to be organised for the encouragement of industry, the promotion of education amongst the working classes, and the erection of a Memorial of the Jubilee Fêtes.

MORMON MISSIONARIES do not appear to prosper in Germany, as the *Morning Post* Berlin correspondent states that the German Government has expelled from the country several Mormons who were engaged in making proselytes.

A FIFTH BELGIAN EXPEDITION to Central Africa, for reinforcing Mr. Stanley's establishment on the Congo, is being organised. It consists of three officers of the Belgian army, and will embark at Liverpool about the 10th of August.

FEW PEOPLE know the ultimate destination of the stones of the Bastille when that fortress was destroyed. Eighty-nine miniature Bastilles—one for every Department of France—were constructed out of a few, and the remainder were utilised in building the Pont Louis XVI., now the Pont de la Concorde.

THE GALLERY OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS will be open free next Monday, on the occasion of the Bank holiday. Surely some of the other picture galleries might follow this example with advantage. We would especially commend this example to the notice of the authorities of the Royal Academy.

THE SMALL AMERICAN DORY BOAT, "LITTLE WESTERN," which left the United States on the 12th ult. with a crew of only two men, reached Cowes on Wednesday morning, and continued her journey to London. The little vessel is cutter rigged, and her dimensions are: length, 16ft. 7in.; beam, 6ft. 7in.; depth, 2ft. 6in.

THE MEMBERS OF THE SUNDAY SOCIETY visited the Grosvenor Gallery and the Exhibition of the Society of British Artists on Sunday. This was the first time the latter place has been opened on Sunday. Five hundred and thirty-one persons visited the gallery in Suffolk Street in the afternoon, and eight hundred and forty the Grosvenor Gallery during the evening.

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MR. GLADSTONE has just been published by Messrs. Marion and Co., of Soho Square. It is a fine specimen of photography by the Carbon Process, the head being life-size, and every line of the strongly-marked features being reproduced with wonderful fidelity. The size of the picture, 23 in. by 17 in., not reckoning the margin, is hardly an additional recommendation.

ANOTHER NATIVE POETESS HAS APPEARED IN INDIA, according to the *Indian Daily News*, which tells us that the fruits of native female education are being gradually appreciated. Thus Miss Toru Dutt (whose novel it may be remembered we reviewed a short time since), is not the last of Indian poets. Another young lady, aged nineteen, is engaged in preparing a novelette for publication, in which Hindoo domestic life will form a prominent feature. The lady is also an artist, and originally intended to illustrate the work herself.

"THE RAILWAY REVIEW" is the title of a new weekly newspaper, edited by Mr. James Greenwood, who in his introductory article says that its "voice will be most often heard on the side of the rank and file of the service," and that the higher officers, who happily may not need special advocacy, will find in its columns much that will extend even their experience of the industrial world they move in, and, it hopes, enlarge their sympathies for their humble fellow-workers."

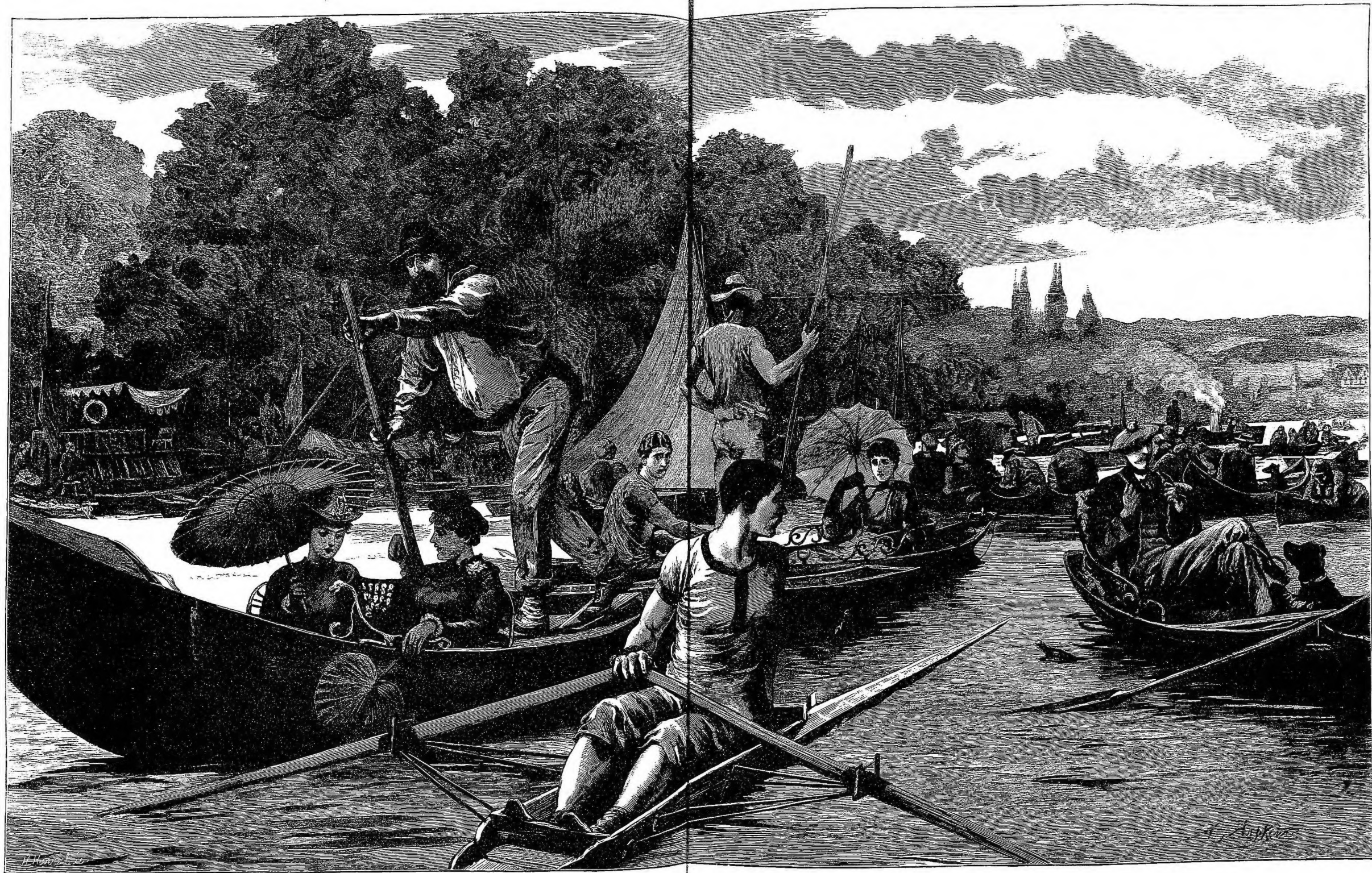
LONDON MORTALITY again increased last week, and 1,482 deaths were registered against 1,441 during the previous seven days, an increase of 41, being 154 below the average, and at the rate of 21.1 per 1,000. There were 3 deaths from small-pox, 32 from measles (an increase of 3), 53 from scarlet fever (a decline of 4), 12 from diphtheria (an increase of 1), 36 from whooping-cough, 16 from different forms of fever, and 202 from diarrhoea (an increase of 37). There were 2,595 births registered against 2,418 during the previous week, exceeding the average by 159. The mean temperature of the air was 63.7 deg., and 0.7 deg. above the average. There were 42.7 hours of bright sunshine, the sun being above the horizon for 111.1 hours.

THE AMERICAN EXCHANGE IN EUROPE, the inauguration of which was celebrated by a dinner and reception at the Westminster Palace Hotel, given in honour of its President, General the Hon. Joseph R. Hawley, Member of Congress, is an institution that has long been wanted in this country, and more especially in the metropolis, where strangers, supposing them to have no connections with any dweller therein, must be utterly at a loss to know what to do, to see and enjoy to the best advantage the vast field of amusement and instruction which exists amongst us. Now all that they can possibly require to learn may be learnt at the office at Charing Cross. It must be borne in mind that, although the tradesmen of London are likely to be much benefited by this movement, since it will encourage a wealthy class of strangers to stay here, yet the movement comes entirely from the visitors themselves, and from one nation only, which may strike many as a circumstance to be regretted; for we believe that here no such institution exists as the Union Syndical formed in Continental cities for the benefit and attraction of visitors from other countries.

A GOOSE DERBY was recently run in Simla, according to a correspondent of the *Times of India*, who writes:—"There were about fourteen or fifteen entries, each owner, jockey (or driver) and bird being named something in this style:—

Captain Gough's . . . blue c. b. Gander . . . Sutlej.

After the preliminary canter past the stand—every man with his goose or gander under his arm—the starter contrived, after some fluttering and quacking on the part of the racers, to form a very fair line. Each driver was provided with a couple of long sticks, the birds were placed on the ground, and after one or two false attempts the flag fell to a good start. The scene that followed was most amusing. Each driver, in his anxiety to bring his bird in first, forgot for a time that he was driving a goose and not a horse, the result being that the unfortunate birds were tossed and tumbled about in the most miscellaneous manner, some bolting to the right, some to the left, and others again turning right round and charging through their drivers' legs. The drivers meanwhile rushed about in the most frantic manner, endeavouring with their sticks to lead back their birds to the straight course. One knowing young A.D.C., more patient than the rest, managed to get his goose into a half fly and half run, and following the bird up, placed each of the sticks under a wing and thus came in a winner by several beaks."



"LOOK AHEAD, SIR!" A REMINISCENCE OF HENLEY REGATTA



AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—The Porte has replied to the Collective Note of the Powers, the official answer having been handed to the Ambassadors at Constantinople on Tuesday. The Porte is manifestly as unwilling as ever to comply with the requisitions of the Berlin Conference, and is pursuing its usual policy of suggesting counter proposals. Thus it announces its willingness to agree to a rectification of the Greek frontier, provided that Janina, Larissa, and Metzovo are left in Turkish territory. Considerable astonishment is expressed in the Note that Turkey should be asked to cede to Greece a territory equal to half the area of that Kingdom, and, moreover, the proposed frontier is objected to on the score of strategical reasons, as the occupation of Metzovo by the Greeks would expose the neighbouring provinces to attacks against which the Porte would be without means of defence. Again Janina is in no way Greek, but inhabited by Albanians—a distinct race, while Larissa is populated three-fourths by Mahomedans, as well as the surrounding towns and villages. The Porte accordingly falls back upon M. Waddington's original proposition, excluding from the territory proposed to be ceded the town of Janina and the district of Tchamouri, and hopes that the Powers will not deny its right to have the same say in the settlement of the Greek frontier that it had with regard to Montenegro and Servia. Meanwhile the whole tone of the Turkish Press is violently hostile towards the Powers, and military preparations continue to be extensively made. The Ministers also are making capital out of the Albanian question and are supported in their resistance to the Powers both by the Albanians and the general mass of the Mussulman population; so that it is to be feared that there is but little chance of the Sultan yielding unless pressure, practically amounting to coercion, be put upon him. There has been a great deal of talk about a letter, which it is stated has been written to him by Queen Victoria, and both German and Russian journals have built hopes upon the report. Even if such letter has ever been written it does not appear to have produced any hopeful effect, any more than have the latent threats of the naval demonstration which is said to be in store should the Porte prove definitively obdurate. All the Powers have now consented to take part in the demonstration should events render such a course necessary, and it is expected that the squadron will be commanded jointly by England and France. The Turks are somewhat disposed to scoff at the demonstration, and declare that they can well defend the Dardanelles against any hostile fleet, thanks to the forts and torpedoes. Germany, however, is very anxious that the harmony of the Powers should not be endangered—as it assuredly would be by any outbreak of hostilities—and is accordingly taking an unusually active part in Eastern matters just now. In addition to Herr Wettendorf, who has been appointed to the Under-Secretaryship of Finance, two other German officials will be told off to the Under-Secretaryships of War and of Foreign Affairs.

At CONSTANTINOPLE great anxiety is felt regarding the answer to the Collective Note, but there is no external excitement.—In BULGARIA the Pan-Bulgarian agitation continues, while in EASTERN ROUMELIA the greatest possible discontent is being manifested both by the Greeks and the Mahomedans at the supremacy of the Bulgarians in the administration of the State, and at the hardships which they inflict upon all who do not happen to be their fellow-countrymen. The arrival of Russian officers continues, and the Russians are credited with having distributed 80,000 rifles amongst the Bulgarians.—In ROUMANIA there has been a storm in a tea-pot respecting the title of the United States Representative, who is termed simply "Diplomatic Agent" instead of Minister Resident, as the representatives of other countries are termed. A compromise was ultimately effected, by which M. Schuyler retains his title, but is to be endowed with Ministerial powers. Roumania has refused to surrender to Russia certain Nihilists who have taken refuge on her territory.

FRANCE.—M. Rochefort is the most prominent hero of the week. Together with other returned Irreconcilable exiles, he was last week entertained at a "punch d'honneur" by some Socialist students, at which the usual inflammatory speeches were made; on Sunday he presided at a Socialist lecture, where the lecturer challenged M. Gambetta to avow himself an Atheist, and another orator denounced the Republican chieftain as a traitor and a friend of General Gallifet whose hands were red with the blood of the people. The true Bastille was declared to be Opportunism, which is yet erect, but which it is M. Rochefort's mission to seize and demolish. On Tuesday there was yet another meeting, at which M. Rochefort it is true presided, but modestly announced himself as "a simple soldier," and stated that he never would ask anything of the Republic but the right of suffering for her. These meetings and utterances of M. Rochefort and his colleagues are treated with silent contempt by the Government, and are regarded with more amusement than alarm by the generality of the public, except where capital has to be made by certain Conservative journals out of the threatened approach of a Communist era.

Nothing, however, could more completely prove the popularity of the present Government than the enthusiastic way in which the *fête* of July 14 was universally celebrated, and the cordial reception which greets M. Gambetta at any time, even in Belleville, that district ordinarily regarded as the hotbed of discontent. Great enthusiasm also has attended the provincial ceremonies and reviews which ensued upon the presentation of the new colours to the various regiments. This was done simultaneously at all military headquarters, and the day throughout Provincial France was regarded as a general *fête*. The navy, too, is to have its turn, and M. Grévy, Léon Say, and Gambetta, are going to Cherbourg to visit the fleet. The harmony of the proceedings, however, are at present somewhat threatened by a quarrel between the Municipality of Cherbourg and the Maritime Prefect. To return for a moment to the military festivities, the *fête* at Tours was supplemented by the unveiling of the statue to Rabelais, the pedestal of which bears the characteristic quotation from the introduction to Gargantua:—"Mieux vaut de ris quie de larmes écrire pour ce que rire est le propre de l'homme."

RUSSIA.—The Chinese question remains *in statu quo* apparently until the Marquis Tseng pays his promised visit to St. Petersburg, where he is shortly expected. He has been staying some days at Berlin on his way from Paris.

The *Golos* has been singularly outspoken of late, and has now published a strong article on personal and individual liberty according to Russian law. Speaking of its advocacy of the complete liberty of the Press, which would give the right of an editor or writer to demand a legal trial, it asks, "But will the liberty of the Press be established on this scale? We think not, because the Administration will still have the right to send for the offending editor or journalist and say to him, 'Your views are opposed to our principles; if you do not change your tone you will be sent to a remote locality. The newspaper itself will be inviolable, but the person of the editor will not be so.' The same is applicable in other matters," continues the *Golos*, and, after citing similar instances, it concludes by declaring that as long as "the person of the individual is not assured for himself and in his own house, all exhortation to social self-help and self-initiative will be as a voice in

the wilderness—as empty winds." Pretty strong language this, even from the *Golos*.

ITALY.—The sensational trial of General Boet for stealing the jewels of the Order of the Golden Fleece from Don Carlos has resulted in the prisoner's acquittal—a rather severe blow to Don Carlos after General Boet's version of the affair.

Naples has been visited by an earthquake, and Mount Vesuvius is again showing signs of an eruption. Several new fissures have opened, from which the lava has been streaming eastwards, and considerable alarm has been created at Portici.

General Milon has been created the new War Minister. Signor Cairoli has been ill, owing to some of his old wounds bursting out afresh.

AFGHANISTAN.—A most serious disaster has happened to the Candahar force. For some time past Ayoub Khan has been making his way from Herat towards Candahar, with a force which was estimated at from 4,000 to 6,000 men. Wali Mahomed, the ruler of Candahar, with his native army, accompanied by General Burrows, with a force estimated at about 2,000 troops, set out to meet him, but on the 14th inst. a large detachment of the Wali's troops, numbering 2,000, instigated, it is said, by an old Cabulense regiment, mutinied on the road. These, however, were attacked and dispersed by General Burrows, who recaptured four guns which they had carried off. It is probable, nevertheless, that the mutineers subsequently joined Ayoub Khan, proving a valuable reinforcement. On the 22nd inst. Ayoub crossed the river Helmund, and had reached Hyderabad, General Burrows in the meantime having fallen back upon Khoosh-i-Nakhud. Ayoub's foragers appear to have come within sight of our camp, and two small skirmishes are reported between scouting detachments of cavalry. By this time Ayoub's army appears to have increased to 12,000 men, with thirty-six guns, which the Governor of Bombay characterises as "well served." Up to the time of going to press no actual details of the disaster have been received, but it is certain that General Burrows was seriously defeated on Monday, and his brigade completely annihilated, save for a few stragglers who have come into Candahar. On receipt of the news General Primrose, who, with a garrison of some 2,000 men, remained at Candahar, at once vacated the cantonments, as there was nothing to stop Ayoub's advance, and retired into the citadel, which it is stated is amply provisioned for a siege. General Phayre was at once ordered to Candahar with reinforcements, and the Bombay authorities were taking all the means in their power to push forward troops to the front.

To turn to Cabul, Abdurrahman Khan has now been officially acknowledged by the British authorities as Ameer, the public recognition of his claim taking place at a Durbar held at Sherpur on Thursday week. In his address to the chiefs at the Durbar, Mr. Lepel Griffin stated that "the course of events having placed the Sirdar Abdurrahman Khan in a position which fulfils the wishes and expectations of the Government of the Viceroy of India and the Government of Her Majesty the Queen-Empress, they are pleased to announce that they publicly recognise the Sirdar Abdurrahman Khan, grandson of the illustrious Ameer Dost Mahomed Khan as Ameer of Cabul." He then went on to say that as long as he showed himself friendly to the British, he would receive their support, and then uttered a hope that the remembrance of the English by the Afghans would not be unfriendly. "We have fought you in the field whenever you opposed us; but your religion has not been interfered with, the honour of your women has been respected, and every one has been secure in the possession of his property. Whatever has been necessary for the support of the army has been liberally paid for; not a single complaint has been made by any Afghan of any soldier, English or native, belonging to Her Majesty's army." The following day the Khutba was read and the new Ameer's name recited in the Mosques, it being said that Abdurrahman's name excited great enthusiasm amongst the congregations. The Chief Kazi also read a review of the British relations with Afghanistan, and pointed out that we had fulfilled our promise of restoring a Mahomedan ruler, and of not keeping possession of the country. In consequence of the recognition of Abdurrahman, Wali Mahomed, the Governor of Cabul, has been replaced by the Sirdar Yassuf Khan, a younger son of Dost Mahomed. Mr. Lepel Griffin will probably shortly meet the Ameer, who has arranged for a preliminary meeting with British officers at Zimmar. The National party have wholly gone over to his side, excepting Moosa Khan's mother, who maintains the claims of her son. Preparations have also been made for the return march to India of the troops who will retire probably by three columns. Sir F. Roberts will lead back the original Cabul force by the Shutargardan route; the second column will follow by the main road *via* Lataband and Jellalabad; while the third will come home by Gandamak and Khyber.

UNITED STATES.—Dr. Tanner still continues to fast on air and water. According, however, to the last accounts, he is growing somewhat weaker, and on Wednesday, when he completed the thirtieth day of the fast, his pulse was 84, temperature 98, respiration 14, and he has lost 27½ lbs. since the commencement of his fast. He is being carefully watched, and every preparation has been made to succour him in the event of a collapse. He continues to drive out, and on Sunday attended Mass.

Admiral Wyman, who is investigating the alleged outrage on the United States flag at Cuba, states that the Cuban authorities disavow any intentional insult or indignity to the American flag, or the commission of any act contrary to the usages of civilised Powers. They state, moreover, that the vessels were within a league of the shore. The Admiral advises further inquiry.

CHINA.—A most serious piratical plot to seize and plunder the Eastern and Australian Mail Steamer Company's vessel, *Bowen*, has been discovered, the alleged culprits being a portion of forty-two Chinese passengers, who embarked at Singapore. There were already 313 Australian Chinese on board. An interpreter, Cheang Siay, however, heard them talking about a scheme to burn and plunder the ship, and reported them to the captain, who at once instituted an inquiry. On examining their effects various packages of powder, with fuses, ten choppers, and eleven loaded revolvers and a quantity of ammunition was found. On being questioned only seventeen of them could give any satisfactory account of themselves. The remainder were at once locked up in the mail room, and were handed over to the police on the arrival of the vessel at Hong Kong.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In AUSTRIA the rifle meeting ended on Monday, the Archduke Charles presenting the prizes. After the Viennese, by whom the principal prize was won, came the Swiss and Tyrolese marksmen, in order of merit.—In SWITZERLAND a small steamer capsized on Monday in the Lake Bienné, sixteen persons being drowned.—From the PHILIPPINE ISLES we hear that another earthquake has affected further damage at Manila, the Guadeloupe Convent, which has lasted for three centuries, being destroyed. The inhabitants are encamped outside the town.—From SOUTH AFRICA the news from Basutoland is a little more satisfactory. Letsee, the friendly chief, states that the people are supporting him, and Mr. Griffiths hopes that the rebellion will be confined to Masupha.—From SOUTH AMERICA we hear that the Chilean Admiral had notified his intention of bombarding Lima, and that steamers would be allowed to remain until July 8 to remove foreigners, women, and children.—In AUSTRALIA there is another Parliamentary crisis in Victoria. On Tuesday the new Parliament met, and Mr. Berry subsequently moved a vote of want of confidence in Mr. Service's Cabinet, which was carried by 48 votes to 35.



THE Queen is still at Osborne, where she is taking her usual walks and drives, accompanied by the Princess Beatrice. On Sunday Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service at Osborne, the Rev. Canon Prothero officiating. On Tuesday Princess Beatrice went in Her Majesty's yacht *Alberta*, Captain Thomson, to the Yarmouth Roads, and went on board the Union Company's steamship *Trojan*, to welcome the ex-Empress Eugénie in the Queen's name, on her return from South Africa, subsequently returning to Osborne in the *Alberta*. On Wednesday afternoon the colours of the 24th Regiment, which were rescued from the Zulus during the late war, were taken to Osborne to be inspected by Her Majesty. The Queen spoke briefly to the officers in charge of the bravery of the regiment, and the circumstances attending the terrible disaster of Isandlwana.

The Prince and Princess of Wales were present at the Bachelors' Ball given last week at Kensington House by a number of noblemen and gentlemen bachelors, and on the following day the Prince and Princess gave a ball at Marlborough House, at which Prince and Princess Christian, and Prince Louis of Battenberg were present. On Saturday the Prince and Princess of Wales and their children went to the Volunteer Camp at Wimbledon, where the Princess gave away the prizes. After this the Prince and Princess visited the Earl and Countess Stanhope, and subsequently went to the garden *fête* at Kensington House in aid of the sufferers from the loss of H.M.S. *Atalanta*. On Sunday the Prince and Princess visited the Duchess of Cambridge at St. James's Palace on the occasion of her eighty-third birthday. On Monday the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince Louis of Battenberg, left London on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Richmond and Gordon at Goodwood, and on Tuesday were present at the races.

The Duchess of Edinburgh and her children are expected at Coburg in a few days from St. Petersburg. The Duke will probably join them towards the end of next month.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught arrived at Buckingham Palace from Bagshot on Monday, and went to the Gaiety Theatre in the evening. On Tuesday they left for Goodwood House, and were present at the races. The Duchess attained her twentieth year on Sunday.—The ex-Empress Eugénie arrived at Southampton from Zululand on Tuesday after an absence of four months, and proceeded at once for Chislehurst. Before leaving the *Trojan* the ex-Empress sent for Captain Travers, and presented him with two photographs of herself and a diamond breast-pin, and also gave to each of the officers one of her photographs in acknowledgment of their attention during the voyage. The accouchement of the Queen of Spain is expected to take place at Madrid about the end of August.



THE CANTERBURY DIOCESAN CONFERENCE was commenced on Monday at Lambeth Palace, under the presidency of the Primate, and has been continued from day to day. A great variety of subjects were discussed, amongst which were "The Best Way of Spending Sunday," "The Tendency of the Lower Classes to Neglect Public Worship," "The Reform of Convocation," "The Burials Bill," and "The Relation of the Cathedral to the Diocese."

THE RECTORY OF CLEWER.—The Rev. Roland Errington, the successor of Canon Carter in the Rectory of Clewer, was formally admitted to the living on Wednesday last week by the Bishop of Oxford, who, addressing the congregation, counselled mutual forbearance and concession, charging the new rector to be careful of the feelings and even the prejudices of his people, and the people to be tender of his reputation and anxious to help him in his work.

THE REV. MR. MACKONCHIEK has written to the Bishop of London, saying that although he was not inclined to continue litigation for the mere purpose of recovering his own costs from Mr. Martin or his supporters, yet, as the Church Association seeks to impose upon him the whole expense of the protracted suit, and his lordship has published the sequestration of the living of St. Alban's, he is reluctantly obliged to let the appeal go on to its conclusion.

THE REV. CANON WOODWARD, preaching last Sunday at Manchester, described the Burials Bill as an outrage "only second to that greatest crime of all—the taking of money left by holy men for the religious education of the people and applying it to purposes of secular instruction—in other words, to corrupt the youth of the present generation, and give them false ideas about truth and error."

ST. JAMES'S, HATCHAM.—The disturbances for which this parish has become notorious were renewed last Sunday. The day being St. James's Day the church was highly decorated with flowers, and a special preacher, the Rev. A. G. Jackson, of St. Thomas's, Regent Street, occupied the pulpit. In his sermon he is said to have spoken of the opposition to Ritualism as a "rotten, decaying, and lying heresy," and to have used such strong language throughout, that at the close a number of parishioners, headed by their churchwarden, made their way into the vestry to protest to the vicar. Meanwhile there was a riot in the church itself, blows being struck, and some of the altar furniture and ornaments torn down. The immediate result has been the issue of cross-summons against some of the contending parties.—Mr. Jackson has written to the *Guardian*, saying he used no "strong language," and that his sermon was not "defiant" of anything or anybody. It was simply a discourse upon the abstract proposition that the weapons of Christ's warfare are not carnal, but spiritual—such as "faith, prayer, patience, love, and suffering."

THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE has continued its business sittings during the week. On Tuesday the nomination of the Rev. G. W. Olver as a candidate for the Divinity Chair of Headingly College raised an animated discussion as to the soundness of his theology, objections being made to the way in which he had treated the doctrine of future punishment in his Fernley lecture at Bradford. One speaker said that it was owing to the "extraordinary grace" of the Bradford Conference that he was not then impeached; and another said that the principles of reasoning which he had employed might logically be turned against all that was supernatural in doctrine and evangelical in truth, and, though he might preserve his own soundness on other points, his heresy might cast others far astray. Mr. Olver replied that he had not sought the office, and should not accept it without such a hearty vote as would assure him of their confidence. He neither affirmed nor denied the bodily existence of the lost after the Judgment Day, because he found nothing about it in Scripture, but he held that their spiritual condition after death would be one of conscious, hopeless, and eternal misery. The votes were then taken, the Rev. J. S. Banks heading the poll with 275, Mr. Olver coming second with 151, and the two other candidates getting 101 and 75 respectively.

THE CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOL CHOIR held its annual festival on Tuesday at the Crystal Palace, where the members, to the number of over 5,000, took part in a concert.

PROPOSED RELIGIOUS LEAGUE FOR SCOTLAND.—The Rev. Dr. Begg, of the Scottish Free Church, has drawn up a "New Solemn League and Covenant," to which he expects to obtain some thousands of signatures. "The document declares that the signatories considering that the infidelity which has desolated the continent of Europe has begun to prevail in the Churches of Britain, especially those in Scotland—do solemnly vow in humble dependence on the blessing of God, and with deep humiliation for dependence on the uttermost, by scriptural means, all past sins, to resist to the uttermost, by scriptural means, all attempts to subvert the inspiration, infallible truth, and supreme authority of the Word of God, or to set aside the sacred rest of the holy Sabbath, the two pillars of visible religion in the world, and that they do this with the earnest prayer that the merited anger of God may be averted.



HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Mr. Mapleson's brief season came to an end on Saturday night with another performance of Boito's *Mefistofele*. In the course of ten weeks and forty-five representations eighteen operas have been given, all but two selected from the already standing repertory. The exceptions were *La Forza del Destino* and *Mefistofele*; the first, notwithstanding certain modifications introduced by Verdi since its production at (the old) Her Majesty's Theatre, after the original St. Petersburg version, a failure—the last a signal success, how much of which was due to Madame Christine Nilsson's fine impersonation of Margaret and Helen of Troy it would be superfluous to state. In any case, however, that Mr. Mapleson has made the operatic public acquainted with a new and thoroughly independent composer is unquestionable. He was the first to present us with Gounod's *Faust*, and is now again the first to give us the *Mefistofele* of Boito; nor in either case can the credit due to enterprise and sound judgment be denied him. That by no means all the promises of his prospectus this year have been fulfilled is true, several artists of acknowledged repute whose names were announced not making an appearance, among them being Mdlles. Marimon, Caroline Salla, Van Zandt, and Cary (the recognised queen of American contraltos)—to say nothing of Signor Pancelli, the well-known tenor, and M. Roudil, the French barytone, whose *Rigoletto* last year created so marked a sensation. On the other hand, the revival of Beethoven's *Fidelio* made us acquainted with Madame Eleonora Robinson, a German dramatic singer of distinguished merit, highly regarded in her own country; while our most promising English tenor, Mr. Joseph Maas (a column of strength to Carl Rosa's "Operatic Company") made an impression by his excellent singing as Faust, to the Margaret of Madame Christine Nilsson, so marked as to cause earnest regret that circumstances (unnecessary to dwell upon) should have prevented him from strengthening that impression as Edgardo, to the Lucia of Madame Etelka Gerster—a performance looked forward to with general interest. Another successful *début* was made by Mdlle. Lilli Lehmann (the Flosshilde at Bayreuth in Wagner's *Ringgold*), who, first in the heroine of the *Traviata*, next in the Filina of *Alceste*, was welcomed as a new visitor of more than common ability. Mdlle. Lehmann, nevertheless, was soon lost sight of, as was Mdlle. Nevada, a very young American lady, who, after twice appearing as Amina in *La Sonnambula*, vanished from the bills, followed just as speedily by a new tenor, Signor Benfratelli. Signor Ravelli, another previously unknown tenor, suddenly called upon to take the place of Mr. Maas in *Lucia*, won general applause, subsequently renewed, although perhaps with less unanimous consent, when he assumed the character of the Duke in *Rigoletto*, to the Gilda of Madame Etelka Gerster. An Italian barytone, Signor Nannetti, proved an acquisition of value. He and Signor Campanini represented the leading male characters in *Mefistofele*, when, after seven years' repose, with a success which had been denied it at the Scala, Milan, it was, in a materially altered form, reproduced at the Teatro Comunale, Bologna (October, 1875). Their cooperation, therefore, with two such artists as Mesdames Trebelli and Nilsson in the leading female parts, made the cast of Boito's work as efficient as could be wished, contributing in no small measure towards the satisfactory result. Miss Minnie Hauk, Mdlle. Tremelli, Madame Marie Roze, Signors Del Puente and Galassi, with other members of last year's company, have appeared from time to time and rendered good service. The secession of Sir Michael Costa took many by surprise, but the consequences may not in strict truth be recorded as disastrous. His place was filled, and worthily, by Signor Arriti, Mr. Mapleson's orchestral director for many years, who won and deserved high credit for the pains he took and the ability he showed in preparing (under the composer's own superintendence) the opera of *Mefistofele*, which did so much to atone for previous shortcomings, and brought the season to an end with what the late Alfred Bunn would have described as "a blaze of triumph." Moreover, it must not be forgotten that Herr Hans Richter, the famous Viennese conductor, through the medium of four special performances of *Lohengrin*, taught the London operatic public how that mythic masterpiece should be played, listened to, and appreciated, in a sense strictly Wagnerian. No one was better fitted to accomplish such a task than the musician whose commanding talent, but four years since, made the ever-to-be-remembered "Niblung Tetralogy" intelligible to a vast mixed multitude, attracted from all parts of the civilised world to the small Franconian town of Bayreuth. So that the director of Her Majesty's Theatre, it must be admitted, did all in his power to mitigate the disappointment likely to be caused by the nonappearance of that renowned Neapolitan chief, who but lately, with all the zeal and vigour of earlier days, marshalled in disciplined order the army of singers and players at the ninth Crystal Palace Handel Festival. To conclude, however, the success of the season was *Mefistofele*, and if Signor Boito possessed the same fecundity as Verdi, his most distinguished contemporary, lovers of Italian opera might hail in his person the apparition of another Verdi, and look forward with well based confidence to many a coming treat.

WAITS.—Madame Albani has gone for a holiday to Spa, in the Belgian Highlands, some quarter of a century ago one of the favourite summer resorts of Meyerbeer. She returns to England in time for the Gloucester Festival, for which, as for the Leeds Festival, she is engaged as principal soprano.—Madame Christine Nilsson left for Paris on Tuesday, en route to Aix les Bains, where she will remain until October, during which month she will sing at concerts in Birmingham and Brighton.—Madame Sembrich is engaged for the winter season in Madrid.—Madame Adelina Patti, after a brief sojourn at her newly-built castle in South Wales, left on Saturday for Aix les Bains, where she will enjoy an interval of well-earned repose before proceeding to fulfill her engagement at Monaco.—Signor Arrigo Boito is at present in Milan, employed on the orchestral score of his new opera, *Verona*.—M. Gounod has consented to furnish an oratorio for the next Birmingham Festival (1882); he will, it is reported, not only compose the music but prepare the text.—English translations of Spitta's "Life of Bach" and Otto Jahm's very comprehensive book, "Mozart," are in hand,

and, we have reason to believe, will be published in the course of next year by the enterprising firm of Novello, Ewer, and Co. They come in good time, if only to save us from that most indefatigable of bookmakers, Herr Ludwig Nohl, who includes Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven in his "Musiker-Biographien," and doubtless intends adding others to his comprehensive list.—Conjecture is rampant as to the future of three societies whose proceedings had no little to do, so far as England is concerned, with the musical history of the present century—the Philharmonic Society, the Sacred Harmonic Society, and the Henry Leslie Choir. We name them in chronological order, and hope to say something not long hence about the prospects of each.—Mr. Joseph Maas is in Paris, where he has gone with the object of studying the part of Wilhelm Meister, under the guidance of M. Ambroise Thomas himself.



THE TURF.—If the quality of the racing at Goodwood failed to show any improvement on that of recent years, and the weather was not so fine as that which usually favours the Ducal Meeting, there were no signs of the gathering in Goodwood Park losing any of its prestige as one of the most fashionable outdoor reunions of the year. The Prince of Wales and, it might almost be added, all the Royal Family were present, as were also all the leaders of London society of both sexes, while the many-headed multitude put in a stronger appearance than on any previous occasion. The course, notwithstanding the heavy downpours of some days before, was in excellent going order, and though several important Stakes only produced weak fields, there was a fair supply of interesting racing. The Goodwood Stakes, a time-honoured race dating from 1823, were moved forward this year to the Tuesday, and produced a good contest, though only nine came to the post. Mr. Jardine's Reveller started first favourite, and for once in a way, in this unlucky season, the backers were right, though the son of Brown Bread only got home by a short head. Mr. Crawford won this race on the three previous occasions, and curiously enough on this was second and third with Edelweiss and Bay Archer. His disappointment, however, was more than amply atoned for by the victory of Elf King in the Stewards' Cup on the following day. For this no less than twenty-eight runners came to the post; and here again the backers of favourites showed considerable judgment, as they elected Hackthorpe to the premiership in the market, and made the winner second favourite. It was only by a head that Hackthorpe was beaten. The two-year-old racing was as usual a great feature of the meeting, the Richmond Stakes falling to Lord Falmouth's Bal Gal, who confirmed her July Stakes running at Newmarket by beating Scobell, Sir Charles, and other good horses. If must be noted, however, that Scobell, who ran second, carried 9st. 6lb. as against Bal Gal's 8st. 13lb. In these two animals we thus have the best two-year-old colt and filly of the youngsters who have yet shown themselves. One of the heroes of the meeting among the three-year-olds was Mask, who took the Gratwicke Stakes with the greatest ease from The Song, and carrying the top weight beat Apollo, Zealot, and Jenny Howlett in the Sussex Stakes. After this it is not to be wondered at that his price for the Leger was greatly reduced; and there are many things more improbable than that if all goes well he will start a good favourite for the Doncaster race, though in the same stable with Robert the Devil.—The Bend Or objection, as probably all our readers know by this time, resulted as we ventured to anticipate, in the overthrow of the objectors; the Epsom Stewards, after a full investigation, unanimously deciding that the winner of the Derby was the son of Doncaster and Rouge Rose, and, therefore, rightly called Bend Or. The promptness with which this matter has been carried through, and it may be added the good feeling displayed by all parties reflect no little credit on the Turf.—The death of Joseph Dawson, one of the four brothers famous in their vocation as trainers, has created a widely spread regret in Turf circles. A more skilful and upright man has never held the position of a trainer, though he was never fortunate enough to have a Derby winner in his stable. He had, however, his full share of success, and many of the best horses of the day have from time to time been under his charge.—The reappearance of F. Archer in the saddle at Goodwood, after the rest necessitated by his recent accident, was very welcome to his many friends and admirers.

CRICKET.—Kent has followed up its recent victories by another over Sussex, winning the match by ten wickets.—At the Oval Surrey has suffered a terrible defeat at the hands of Nottinghamshire, who won the match by an innings and 65 runs.—The Surrey Club has determined, if possible, to make a match for the Australians. If a really representative eleven could be got together to oppose them, the match would be most welcome to lovers of cricket. It would be a great pity after all if they left this country without being able to show their prowess, except for the most part against local eighteens and twenty-twos.

AQUATICS.—Edward Trickett of Australia, the champion sculler of the world, arrived in London on Monday last; he will make "The Bells" at Putney his head-quarters. Reports from America state that Hanlan is thoroughly recovered. Let us hope that when the time comes we shall see a match worthy of the occasion.



In a note from Mr. Bancroft to the writer of the Monday column of gossip about the Theatres in the *Daily News*, the former gentleman desires to make it known, that though he has just purchased a little piece from MM. Meilhac and Halévy, and has produced of late some adaptations from M. Sardou, he has no abstract preference for French writers, but is on the contrary extremely desirous of introducing to the public on the stage of the new HAYMARKET some English work of sterling value. Unhappily we are told a diligent search for such a work has of late been fruitless. Since the opening of the new house, exactly six months ago, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft have read a great number of manuscripts, some of which are told by the "shining lights" of dramatic literature, but have found among them nothing which seemed to offer a reasonable chance of pleasing their patrons. As the *Daily News* points out Mr. Bancroft is by no means alone in this difficulty. Good plays by English writers, instead of becoming more abundant under the increased demand necessarily arising from the constant additions to the number of our theatres become rarer and rarer. Last year's list of the production of our play-houses is disheartening indeed. It includes but few pieces which are not adaptations, and of these there is really not one of any conspicuous merit.

Mr. Robert Reece, who has written many clever pieces, and who was wont to rely upon his own invention and his not inconsiderable

power of writing amusing dialogues, has of late joined company with the adaptors; and in his latest "arrangement" from the French, he has unhappily chosen to exchange the wit and fancy which have often distinguished his productions for a vein of empty humour, bearing a close resemblance to the worst faults of Mr. Albery's unlucky farcical comedies. *Parlours*, a new piece in three acts, brought out at the ROYALTY Theatre on Saturday evening, is acknowledged, it is true in the play-bill, to be "ultra-farcical," but its faults are not in the mere extravagant spirit of its episodes and dialogue. No play-goer objects to a little license of fun—at least not if he is in the humour for enjoying a piece of this kind, and if he is not he is sufficiently forewarned. What is objectionable is the want of the genuine humour and high spirits, and of that ingenuity in evolving droll situations out of a given position of affairs, however absurd in itself, which are the distinguishing characteristics of the best pieces of this sort. "Parlours" is the sobriquet given to an old gentleman, who, residing in the parlours of a certain lodging house, generously endeavours to compose the matrimonial differences of a young couple in the first floor. As the gentleman in Molière's comedy, who sympathised with Sganarelle, only brought upon himself the anger of wife and husband, so does *Parlours* suffer for his ill-judged intervention. All the trouble that ensues is attributed to him. When the lady quits her home for the roof of her father Parlours is the supposed cause of the catastrophe. When she is believed to have eloped with "Captain Aylesbury Duck," Parlours again is the wretched object of universal indignation. He flies to find the lady and restore her to her husband's arms; but in vain. Hunted by nearly the entire remainder of the *dramatis persone*, he takes refuge in a railway station, and is even driven to exchange clothes with a railway porter to escape from their persecution. The original piece is clearly one of the many imitations of Labiche's celebrated *Chapeau de Paille d'Italie*, better known to English audiences in the shape of Mr. Gilbert's adaptation *The Wedding March*. It resembles that comedy, at least, in its perpetual bustle and permanent pursuit of a certain object, but it lacks, at least in the English version, the tone of genuine vivacity. Part of the manifest failure of the piece to entertain the audience may however fairly be attributed to the inability of the performers to catch the key appropriate to absurdities of this description. The ideal of the persecuted lodger seems to be that of an excitable and impulsive gentleman inspired at one moment with an irresistible desire to befriend his fellow-creatures, and at another giving himself up a prey to nervous apprehensions. Mr. Righton, on the contrary, chooses to represent "Parlours" as a mild, placid, benevolent old gentleman, with a feeble walk, a still more feeble chuckle, and a generally harmless inoffensive manner. All this is in perfect harmony with his venerable white hairs and his respectable age, but it is little in keeping with the spirit of the situations in this boisterous farce. Miss Lawler, as the quarrelsome young married lady, and Mr. Sugden as her no less quarrelsome husband, are hardly more successful—though they are excellent performers in their way; for their acting wants the final touch of absurdity which farce demands. They quarrel and insult one another very much as selfish and ill-regulated persons may be supposed to do—even though they stand in the relation of man and wife; but the humour and satire which are required to render such scenes tolerable on the stage—not, it is true, very liberally supplied by the author of the dialogue—is lost in the prosaic realism of their harsh bickerings.

It is said that the PRINCESS'S Theatre, now in course of reconstruction, is not unlikely to reopen with a series of Shakesperian performances, in which Mr. Charles Warner and the celebrated American actor, Mr. Edwin Booth, will take part. Mr. Gooch has nevertheless in preparation a version of M. Belot's melodrama, *Les Etrangers de Paris*, which will be produced here sooner or later by arrangement with the author.—*The Merchant of Venice* was played at the LYCEUM on Wednesday, for the 250th time. This, we may easily believe, is the longest run ever enjoyed by a comedy of Shakespear. The programme of this, the closing week of the season, includes two special performances of *Charles I.*, on Thursday and Friday. This evening Mr. Irving takes his customary annual benefit. On this occasion *Charles I.* will be played, with Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry; Mr. Sims Reeves and his son, Mr. Herbert Reeves, will sing; Mrs. Bancroft will read "Major Nambly," and Mr. Toole will give his sketch, *Trying a Magistrate*; Miss Ellen Terry will recite Monk Lewis's poem, "The Captive," and Mr. Irving will recite Hood's "Dream of Eugene Aram."

THE STRAND.—On Wednesday, *Madame Favart* reached its 472nd representation, the title rôle (surrendered for a while by Miss F. St. John, under medical advice) being sustained by Mdlle. Sylvia, a Swedish actress of some repute in her own country, who now appears in England for the first time. Her voice is well suited to the music of the part, and added to the pleasant piquancy of her acting secured her a very favourable reception. There is no other change in the cast, and the popular opera seems to be as attractive as ever. *Ruth's Romance* still occupies its old place in the programme.

DRURY LANE re-opens this evening for a summer season with a romantic picturesque drama of modern life, written by Messrs. A. Harris, Paul Meritt, and Henry Pettitt, entitled *The World*.—Mr. Boucicault's *Forbidden Fruit* has proved a great attraction at the ADELPHI; nevertheless, in accordance with long-standing arrangements, its performance will be suspended at the end of this week. On Monday next, such Bank Holiday folks as care to be in town will be invited to witness here the first performance of a comedy by the same author, entitled *A Bridal Tour*, which has been performed in America under the title of *Marriage*. A new company has been recruited for the occasion, including Mrs. John Wood, Mr. Conway, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Beckett (an English comedian who has been long in the United States), Mrs. Canninge, Miss Gerard, Miss Linda Dietz, Miss Erney, Miss Edith Bruce, and Mrs. Alfred Mellon.

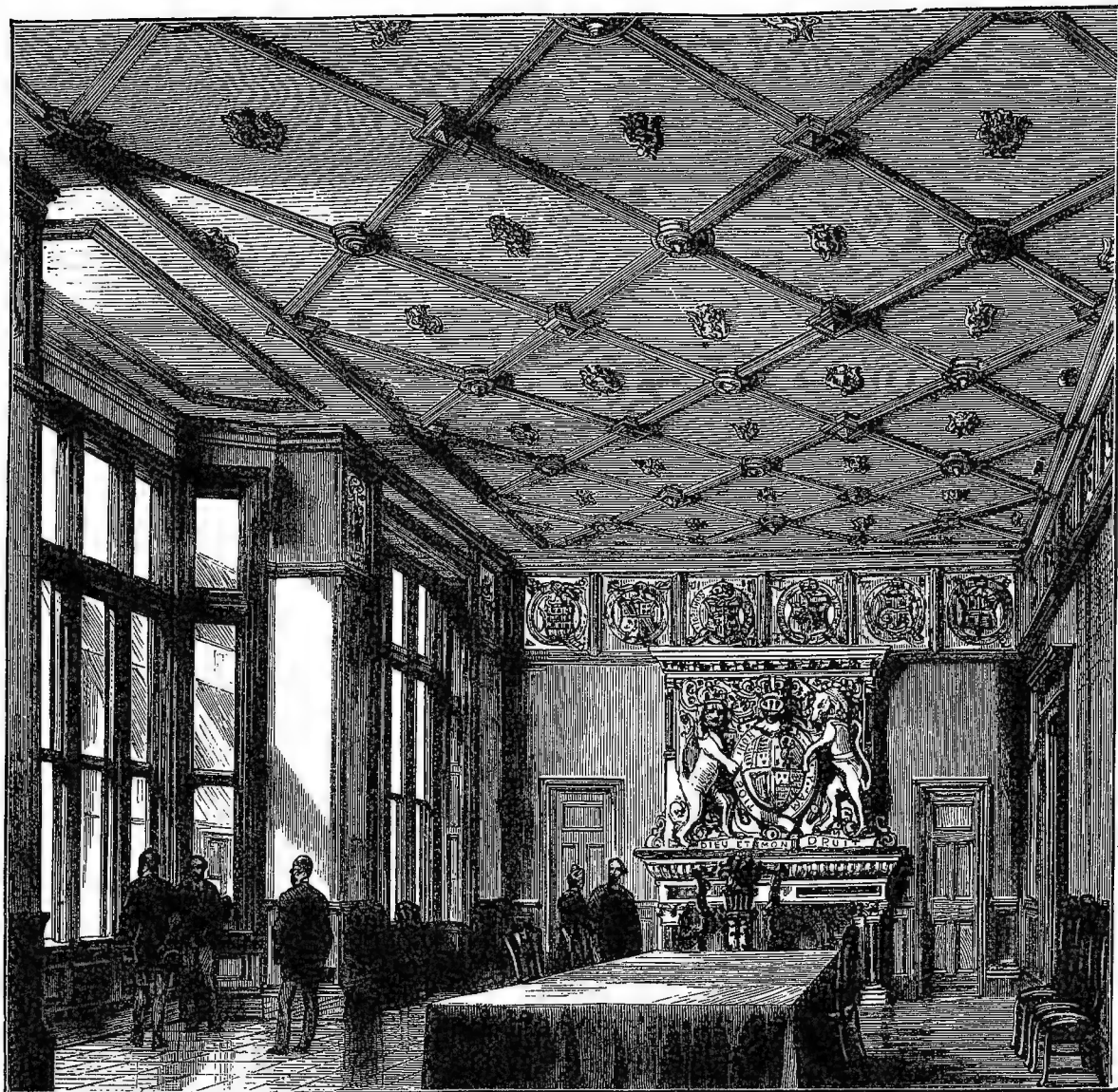


HOSPITAL NURSING.—A lurid light has been thrown upon the disputes between the medical staff and the authorities of Guy's Hospital, by the evidence given at the inquest on the body of a consumptive patient, whose death the coroner's jury consider was accelerated by the treatment to which she was subjected by a nurse named Ingle, who has not only been dismissed, but committed for trial for manslaughter.

THE SALE OF DRUGS.—The litigation between the Pharmaceutical Society, and the London and Provincial Supply Association, as to the right of the latter to vend drugs, provided they employed a duly qualified person as salesman, has been finally settled by the House of Lords, and we are glad to find that the law is for once in a while coincident with common sense. The case was originally tried at the Bloomsbury County Court, which decided in favour of the Association. The Society then appealed to the Queen's Bench, which reversed the decision, that judgment was in its turn reversed by the Lords Justices of Appeal, whose opinion is now upheld by the House of Lords, their decision being that as the person who actually sold the drugs was registered and qualified the object of the Act was attained.

UNPROFITABLE LITIGATION.—A City tradesman, whose premises were required by the Board of Works, and who was

(Continued on page 126.)



THE INTERIOR
THE NEW BUILDING OF THE SCOTTISH CORPORATION
THE EXTERIOR



THE RISCA COLLIERY EXPLOSION—THE TWO WIDOWS, 1860 AND 1880



DRAWN BY LUKE FILDEN, A.R.A.

The old man took his pipe from his lips, and asked his little girl if she was happy.

LORD BRACKENBURY: A Novel

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "Barbara's History," "Debenham's Vow," &c.

CHAPTER XLIII.

"CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH"

"My little girl," said Stefano Beni, taking his pipe from his lips, "you are happy, aren't you? As happy as Lotta and Lisa, for instance?"

It was evening—the evening of the second day after his interview with Cesare Donato. Giulietta, meanwhile, had heard no more of her stranger-lover; but the wheelwright had this very afternoon received another visit from him. Donato had been to Venice and back during the forty-eight hours; and had brought with him his ship's papers, a bundle of bills of lading, invoices, and the like; all of which, including his passport and some letters written by a certain Canon Alasio of Bari, in whose parish Donato owned a small property, the wheelwright had been unwillingly constrained to examine. That the man was respectable and respected—all, in short, that he represented himself to be—was evident enough. So much, at least, Stefano Beni was bound to admit. Not many maidens in his little girl's rank of life had the chance of marrying so well;—that also could not be denied. As Donato's wife, she would never need to turn her hand to household work; she would hold her head as high as the wife of any tradesman in Verona; nay, she would almost be a lady! The Canon's letters to Donato were addressed to *Il Capitano Donato*. Worried and irritated as he was, Stefano Beni could not but feel a glow of secret pride as he thought of these things.

"My nephew-in-law, the Capitano Donato!"—how grandly it rolled off one's tongue!

The wheelwright could not resist saying it to himself once or twice, as he walked home that evening; and each time that he repeated it, his soul was comforted within him. As for Tonio Moretti, it is impossible to say with what scorn La Giulietta's uncle regarded him and his pretensions. A vetturino, forsooth! As if his niece would marry a vetturino! Yet three days ago, although his opposition would have been just as determined, he would have admitted that Tonio Moretti was an excellent match, and his pride at least would have been gratified by the offer.

Never in his life had Stefano Beni been so perplexed and so unhappy as during these last forty-eight hours. He had brooded over the thing by day, and lain awake thinking of it by night, till his head and his heart ached. At first he was for sending his niece's lovers to the right-about, and burying the whole episode in oblivion; but this was more easily said than done. Resolute men both, the suitors declined to be summarily dismissed. Each claimed his right to be answered by the girl herself. Thus brought to bay, the wheelwright made up his mind to be beforehand

with them. She should know everything; and from his own lips. Besides, he could not but be conscious of an uneasy sense of duty in the matter. Had he any right to stand between her and her possible good fortune? And if she must marry and leave him (for girls *would* marry), were it not better she married well than ill? Whereby it will be seen that, in so far as Stefano Beni's consent was necessary, Cesare Donato's cause was as good as gained.

And this was why the old man, after sitting moodily by the fire for the best part of the evening, took his pipe from his lips, and asked his little girl if she was happy?

La Giulietta, deftly repairing her uncle's Sunday waistcoat, looked up with a glad smile.

"Happy? I should think so, little uncle! Far happier than Lotta and Lisa, whose mother is always scolding."

"But they have more pleasure than you."

"They go sometimes to the theatre, because their cousin Tomaso gives them tickets; but I don't envy them. I am content to be at home with you."

"I am a dull old fellow to be at home with. Many maidens of your age would by this time be thinking of husbands and homes of their own."

La Giulietta bent over her work, and was silent.

"Have you had no such thoughts, my child?"

"I—little uncle?" she stammered, diligently stitching.

"Ay, you. Why not? You were sixteen your last birthday."

"Seventeen!" she interposed quickly.

"Was it seventeen? Dio! how time flies! Well then, you were seventeen last birthday, and are pretty enough for a princess."

"Am I pretty, little uncle? Do you really think I am pretty?"

"Do I think that you don't know all about it better than I do?"

La Giulietta jumped up, and gave him a kiss on each cheek.

"I am so glad I am pretty!" she said, gaily. "I want to be pretty!"

"Tell the truth, and say you want to be admired."

But there the wheelwright was wrong. She had "no such stuff in her thoughts." To be fair in the eyes of one—one only; that was all her ambition.

"I don't care a bit to be admired," she said, going back to her waistcoat-mending. "But for your sake, little uncle, I should be sorry if I was ugly to look at!"

"For my sake? *Che! che!*—you have been the light of my eyes, from the day I brought you home with me from Colognola—a little motherless mite rolled up in a shawl, sound asleep, and not able to speak six words plainly!"

"That was the day after my mother's death!"

"Ay; and the neighbours thought I was mad, because I didn't pack you off to your father's sister at Naples—she who had never even seen you, and had seven children of her own to look after! 'Not a bit of it,' says I; 'the babe's all that's left to me of my own kith and kin, and who so fit to take her as myself?' And I did take you, then and there. It had been a hot day, I remember, and the evening turned chilly after sun-down; and thankful I was when neighbour Bartolo overtook me in his caretta. 'Want a lift, friend Beni?' says he; 'give me your bundle, and jump up.'—'My bundle's a baby,' says I. You should have seen his face! God knows, I was sad enough; and yet for the life of me I couldn't help laughing!"

"How thankful I am that you did not pack the poor little bundle off to Naples, Uncle Stefano!"

"Still it might have been better for you, my little girl. You would have been brought up under a woman's eye, and among children like yourself."

"You have been as good to me as any woman—and better!"

"Well, well—your Aunt Francesca, rich as she is, has her own family to provide for; and what few lire I have scraped together are all for you, my child! Shall I tell you what has been in my mind this many a year? I have thought that by and by, perhaps, I might manage to buy a bit of ground on one of the hill-sides yonder, and build a little house on it, for you and me. I should like to sit in the shade of my own vine and eat polenta of my own growing, before I die."

"Dear Uncle Stefano, you will never be rich enough for that."

"How can you tell? And then I have also thought that—who knows?—the Madonna might some day send us an honest, industrious lad whom I could love as a son, and who would make a good husband for my Giulietta."

Again she made no reply. What could she say?

"You don't want to live and die a nun, do you, my child?"

"Dear little uncle—the future will take care of itself!"

There was a momentary silence. He saw that she was embarrassed; and her embarrassment added to his difficulty.

"I think I know of one who would be glad enough to take care of your future, my little girl," he said, presently.

She dropped the button she was about to sew on, and stooped to look for it.

"Tonio Moretti wishes you well."

He said it with a sinking heart; for he had begun to fear that she might not be indifferent to the good-looking vetturino.

"Tonio Moretti? I detest Tonio Moretti!"

"But all the girls are in love with him!"

"Then they are not of my mind, Uncle Stefano."

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portico looking to the lagoon is the Sea-Custom House. And yonder lies the island of Saint George; and that cloistered palace flushed with rose and patterned with lace work, and those opalescent domes beyond, and that solitary bell-tower standing alone, like a giant obelisk of channelled brickwork—these are the Ducal Palace, and the Cathedral and Campanile of St. Mark.

The girl holds fast by her uncle's hand. She says nothing. She only looks, and is silent. As a child, she used to watch the clouds at sunset, fancying how the pale green heaven was a stainless sea of flowing between islands of amethyst and gold, and picturing to herself how, beyond that sea and those islands, lay the Heavenly City with gates of jasper and pavements of pearl, from whose battlements her mother looked down and listened to her evening prayer. But what dream-city ever shone so fair as this, or looked so vision-like?

"Those are the Royal Gardens, where you see the trees," says Donato; "and that open space where two high columns are standing alone, is the Piazza of St. Mark. That white arch spanning the water-way between the Ducal Palace and the next building (you see it high above the bridge across which people are passing),—that is the Bridge of Sighs. And look! beyond that farthest point stretches the great sand-bank which they call the Lido; and the Lido divides us from the Adriatic Sea."

"But is not this the sea?" she asks, wondering.

"No, no, my little girl," interposes Uncle Stefano. "These are the Lagoon; salt-water shallows that rise and fall with the tide."

They are level now with the Sea Custom House, beyond which rises a forest of masts.

"You see that big vessel yonder?" continues Donato. "That is the Austrian guardship. They fire a gun at sunset. And that great steamer with white funnels is the English mail steamer; and this is—the *Diamante*."

This! This three-masted vessel, all dressed with flags and streamers . . . this the *Diamante*!

They glide alongside of the shining black hull. A rope is thrown and caught. The men ship their oars; the boatswain steadies the side of the boat against the foot of the accommodation-ladder; Donato jumps out, hands La Giulietta up the side, and as she sets her foot upon the deck, takes off his cap and bids her welcome with as much honour as if she were a queen.

The first and second mates, with gold bands to their caps and anchor buttons to their jackets, are standing by to receive them. They salute their Captain and take off their caps to his guests. The sailors have the name of the ship painted on the ribbon that goes round their hats. The decks are smooth as glass, and clean as new-fallen snow. The brass fittings of the wheel and the binnacle and the companion-way, shine like gold! Guns, too! Warlike, deadly-looking guns mounted on gun-carriages, as if the *Diamante* were a ship of war!

"Does that surprise you?" says the Captain, with his grave smile. "A merchant vessel of this tonnage is bound to carry heavy ordnance. We need them for firing salutes; and sometimes even for self-defence. We might fall in with such folk as pirates, off Borneo and the coast of China; and then we should be glad enough of our guns."

"I thought you only traded between Bari and Venice," says Uncle Stefano, with a bewildered face.

"I never said that. Not but what we have sometimes shipped a cargo at Bari. But for the most part, the *Diamante* trades farther afield. Our last trip was to the West India Islands."

Then he takes them round the decks, and La Giulietta, who has never seen anything in the way of a boat bigger than the pleasure-skiffs on the Adige, has the compass explained to her, and the use of the steersman's wheel; and peeps down into the huge, dark, empty hold, not long since cleared of its cargo of indigo, coffee, and spices. Then a bell sounds, and they go down to luncheon.

A cabin, not large, indeed, but well lighted, with little mirrors let into the panelled walls, and fittings of horsehair and mahogany, and a sofa-seat under the stern windows; a table glittering with glass and brist with flowers; a luncheon that is in truth a dinner, well cooked, well served; wines that froth when they are poured out, and forks made of silver and bigger than spoons!—such wonders as these hold the simple guests silent and awestruck. Donato takes the head of the table, and his first mate the foot; La Giulietta sits at her lover's right hand, and her uncle at his left. The second mate does not appear. The steward waits, with a napkin under his arm. Little is done in the way of conversation; and that little is led by the Captain and respectfully seconded by the mate. La Giulietta, meanwhile, marvels how her uncle can find courage to eat in the midst of so much magnificence; for Stefano Beni, despite his amazement, is perfectly able to enjoy his dinner. The mate leaves the table when the cloth is removed; and the Captain and his guests are served with coffee. Then it is time to see something of the sights of Venice.

"First, let me show you my counting-house and sleeping-berth," says Donato, opening a door that leads into two little cabins, the one giving upon the other.

The first, which he calls his "counting-house," is a tiny office, in which he keeps his ledgers, log-book, charts, correspondence, and so forth. The second, besides the ordinary berth-furniture, contains some three or four shelves of books, a telescope on brackets, and, arrayed upon the walls, some curious Oriental arms, a cutlass, a fowling-piece, and a brace of pistols. The books, in their handsome bindings, look so attractive that Giulietta ventures, timidly, to take one from the shelf; but it proves to be in some foreign language, and she can make nothing of it. Replacing it, she takes down another. This time, not only the language, but the very alphabet is unknown to her.

"You are fond of reading, Carina?" asks her lover.

"I sometimes think I am too fond of it."

"Yes? And what reading do you like best—poetry and romances? Ah! I thought as much. Nay, my books will not please you."

She was looking now at a well-worn little volume, gilt-edged and vellum-bound.

"What is this?" she asked, shyly. "It is not Italian—it looks like a Missal."

"It is so far like a Missal, that it is in Latin. These are the Odes of Horace. Have you never heard of Horace? He was a poet, and a Roman—a Roman of the old Pagan time when Jove was worshipped and Christ was not yet come."

"That must have been before Romeo and Giulietta?"

"Ay; long before."

"And you can read it? Why, you are as learned as Padre Anselmo!"

"Who is Padre Anselmo?"

"He is the parish-priest of Montorio—a saint upon earth; and learned—oh! so learned! He knows not only Latin, but Greek; and he has written a book."

"He must be a wonderful man," said Donato, smiling. "But what will you say if I tell you that I have a friend at Bari, a Canon of the Cathedral, who knows Hebrew and Arabic as well as Latin and Greek, and who has written at least a dozen books, some of which are as big as those ledgers of mine you were looking at just now?"

The girl lifted her eyes to him in wonder. A Canon of the Cathedral! It was as if he had said that he was intimate with the Pope!

The wheelwright, meanwhile, was peering somewhat curiously at a small ebony case that hung near the cabin-door. It was a neatly made little case, like a tiny shrine, and it had folding doors mounted

on silver hinges, and a silver key-hole. The whole thing, frame and all, did not measure more than eight inches by six.

"May one ask what this is?" he said.

Donato took a small silver key from his watch-chain, unlocked the case, and disclosed a couple of miniatures on a background of purple velvet. The one was a mere head—a boy's head, apparently—set cherub-like in a mist of clouds against a background of blue sky; the other represented a lady dressed in the short-waisted fashion so familiar to ourselves in portraits of the Princess Charlotte and her contemporaries.

The girl's colour changed.

"How beautiful!"

She said it, as it were, under her breath, and with a sinking heart. She dreaded to ask whose portraits they were. Could it be that her lover had already been a husband and a father?

"My mother," said Donato, with tender seriousness.

The wheelwright pulled out his spectacles, wiped them carefully, and stared at the miniatures in respectful silence. La Giulietta's eyes filled with sudden tears.

"She was very beautiful. She died many—many years ago, when I was a lad."

"And this?" said old Stefano. "Is this your own portrait?"

Donato, a yet graver shade stealing over his features, shook his head.

"My younger brother," he said, softly.

"He is living?"

But the girl, with a woman's quick sympathy, saw how it was, and answered for him.

"No, no," she said, hurriedly. "Don't ask—it pains him!"

Donato closed the ebony doors and turned the key in silence. Then he drew her to his side, and kissed her on the forehead.

"I have only you, dear," he said.

Five minutes later they were in a gondola, gliding across the shining waters and making for the landing-place in front of the Piazza of St. Mark. And then the rest of the afternoon went by in a wondrous dream—a dream of intricate canals crossed by innumerable bridges; of narrow streets crowded with foot-passengers; of churches all sculpture without, all golden gloom of mosaics and paintings within; of islands lying afar off in the warm blaze of the sinking sun; of gardens, and public squares, and music of military bands; of the soft lapsing of green waters against marble steps; of a crimson sunset, and a magical twilight; of night and the stars, and the flying train again. And then home.

(To be continued)



"THE VIOLIN-PLAYER: a Novel," by Bertha Thomas (3 vols., Bentley and Son).—Bertha Thomas has, no doubt, like most other people, read George Sand's "Consuelo," and, for that matter, it is by no means easy to write a musical romance without to some extent reproducing in some fashion the types of Porpora, of Clorinda, and of her who gives her name to the parent novel. The authoress of "The First Violin" has followed in their lines, but she has done so in the right way. That is to say, she has imitated without copying, has brought her characters into new situations, and regarded them from fresh points of view. By styling her story a musical romance, we mean that it treats of Art, not as a branch of hard, prosaic, and too often dull and sordid labour, but as bathed in the poetic and ideal atmosphere which it shows to the outer world. The aspect is in fashion, and is both pleasant and wholesome, if it be not altogether actual, or even possible. The heroine is, of course, a genius, and her apprenticeship to love and sorrow before finding her true and whole life in her art is well, even finely, conceived and adequately rendered—at least for those who grasp the leading motive of the novel at a sufficiently early stage. This it is not quite easy to do, for the plot is over-complex and the stage over-crowded. There is certainly no want of the interest which comes from incident and adventure, and the various characters form distinct portraits, of which many are likely to dwell in the memory. "The Violin Player" does not belong to the highest class of Art novel, but it holds a place decidedly above the average. Considered as a romance—a form of fiction in which probability of incident may be dispensed with for good reason—it is exceedingly attractive and interesting, and will be found fascinating by not a few who like to believe that violinists live up to their violins, and must experience in themselves the joys and the sorrows that they make their hearers feel.

"Troublesome Daughters," by L. B. Walford (3 vols., Blackwood and Sons).—The authoress of "Mr. Smith," of "Pauline," and of "The Cousins," has by this time given her readers assurance of the qualities they may expect to find in any new novel from her hand. "Troublesome Daughters" is, like its predecessors, an elaborately minute family history, narrated without the omission of a single touch that can help us to know every principal character through and through. Though the novel is of the longest, the motive is of the slightest, and is constructed from such delicate collisions of character as are mostly invisible to eyes in general. Stories such as this are being acted out daily in every household in the kingdom. Not one of the persons dealt with is more inherently interesting than the average man and woman. Kate Newbattle, the most "troublesome" of Lady Olivia's four step-daughters, is, before all else, a young lady "with a temper;" her lover, Captain Evelyn, is a half-spoiled young guardsman, as irresolute of purpose as nine men out of ten. But we take a sympathetic interest in them because we are made to know them as we would wish that we ourselves could be known to our closest friends. We learn, like Evelyn, to love Kate's peculiar temper for her sake, and to forgive him his weakness because it was pardoned by her. Even so, for the sake of the excellence of her work as a whole, we can pardon the authoress for the bad art which makes an entire plot hang upon an easily removed and provokingly accidental misunderstanding, and for a view of French genders which allows masculine adjectives and feminine substantives to dwell together in habitual concord. In all essential matters, "Troublesome Daughters" belongs to realism of the best sort, in which humour, strong sense, and accurate knowledge of human nature (within limits) compensate for any deficiencies in imaginative and dramatic power. It comprehends and reproduces the worth and greatness of little things, is written clearly, simply, and unaffectedly, and takes a broad but very decided estimate of what is right and wrong.

"Innocence at Play: a Novel," by Jean Middlemass (3 vols., Tinsley Brothers).—We have on many occasions met—in the world of fiction—with that Russian Prince and diplomat of an iron will and a granite heart, who has the purse of Fortunatus, and is fatal to every woman on whom his evil eye falls. In the present case he is one Prince Lavradskoff, and the novel deals with those lives of which his existence is the bane. More especially it deals with that of a Swedish girl, Annika Dahl, who is generally accompanied by a running exclamation of "Poor Ika! Poor Lily!"—a refrain which becomes nearly as characteristic of the writer's style as her passion for calling men and women "individuals." Melodramatic Russian Princes are held to be interesting, as a matter of course, by right of long usage. But, for the rest, it is hard to find in "Innocence at Play" any ordinary reason for existing. The characters seem to be even studiously conventional; those scenes which are laid in political, literary, and financial Bohemia are vague and unreal;

those placed in the more familiar air of Lord's, Henley, and so forth, are singularly incongruous with their surroundings. The plot is hazy, disjointed, and by no means easy to follow. Nevertheless, when all has been said by way of fault-finding, there remain a truth and tenderness of touch, where the finer feelings of women are concerned, which go far towards redeeming the whole, and make it, in this respect, superior to many a much better novel. The general impression left by "Innocence at Play" is that Miss Middlemass would have written a good novel had she kept clear of a very disreputable set of characters about whom she as obviously knows as little as it is to be hoped her readers know.

"The Story of an Honest Man," by Edmond About. Translated by Bertha Ness (3 vols., Sampson Low and Co.).—The admirable style of Edmond About is beyond translation, though in this case the impossible task has been performed fairly well. For the rest, the story of his honest and, it must be added, inordinately vain and self-satisfied hero, may be recommended to English readers as an example of a French novel that is at once brilliant, interesting, realistic, and absolutely pure. As containing pictures of French school life it is of real value. M. About condemns it, from what must be taken as his own experience, in favour of the English system of public schools. The purpose of the novel is mainly to show working men what a working man may be, do, and become. From this point of view, sheer luck plays too important a part in the career of the honest man. But the general reader, with a sense of humour and an eye for local colour, will by no means find direct moral purpose stand in the way of interest—which is saying a great deal.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

JOHN GORDON McMINNIES, Esq., M.P. for Warrington (Liberal), was born and educated at Lancaster. He is a Magistrate for the Borough of Warrington, of which he was formerly an Alderman; and senior partner in the firm of Wm. Bashall and Co., of Farington, near Preston, a firm of cotton manufacturers established three-quarters of a century ago.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH, Esq., M.P. for Northampton (Radical), whose entry into Parliament has been so strongly opposed, and whose right to sit and vote has even yet to be decided in the law courts, is the son of a solicitor's clerk, and was born in 1833. He is a self-taught man, having received only the first rudiments of education at schools in Bethnal Green and Hackney. He began life as an errand lad in a solicitor's office, and was afterwards clerk to a coal merchant. He was at one time a teacher in a Church of England Sunday School, but very early in life he became a sceptic in theology and a Republican in politics, speaking and writing upon all subjects with the utmost freedom and courage, not to say bravado. In 1850 he enlisted in the 7th Dragoon Guards, but purchased his discharge three years later, and returning to London became clerk to a solicitor and to a building society. He soon became an ardent writer and speaker upon "secular" subjects, and in 1858 he became editor of the *Investigator*, and subsequently, with Mr. Joseph Barker, joint editor of the *National Reformer*, the principal organ of the Secular party, of which he is now sole editor and proprietor. Of late years he has become almost as well known as an advocate of Radicalism and Republicanism as he formerly was for his assaults upon theology under the *nom-de-guerre* of "Iconoclast." Mr. Bradlaugh has been married, but was left a widower a few years ago.

SYDNEY WOOLF, Esq., M.P. for Pontefract (Liberal), was born in 1837, educated at University College, London, and at Frankfurt, and is in business as an earthenware manufacturer at Knottingly, where he has been chairman of the School Board for nine years.

DR. JOHN WEBSTER, M.P. for Aberdeen (Liberal), was born in 1810, and educated at the Marischall College and the University of Aberdeen, in which city he practises as an Advocate, having been admitted to the Scottish Bar in 1839. He is President of the local Liberal Association, and since 1861 has been a member of the University Court, as the Lord Rector's Assessor. He was Lord Provost of the city in 1856 and 1859, and in 1877 the University conferred upon him the degree of LL.D.

THOMAS GREER, Esq., M.P. for Carrickfergus (Conservative), was born in 1837, and educated at Clifton. He is a Director of the firm of Richardson and Owen, linen manufacturers, of Belfast, and also of the Bessbrook Spinning Company. He is a Magistrate for County Antrim and for Carrickfergus, where he was High Sheriff in 1870. He was also High Sheriff of County Tyrone in 1876.

WILLIAM HENRY O'SHEA, Esq., M.P. for Clare County (Home Ruler), is the only son of the late Mr. H. O'Shea, of Dublin. He was born in 1840, educated at Oscott College (under Dr., now Cardinal, Newman) and at Trinity College, Dublin. He formerly held a Commission in the 18th Hussars, but retired in 1867, in which year he was married to a daughter of the late Rev. Sir John Page Wood, Bart., and sister of Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., K.C.B.

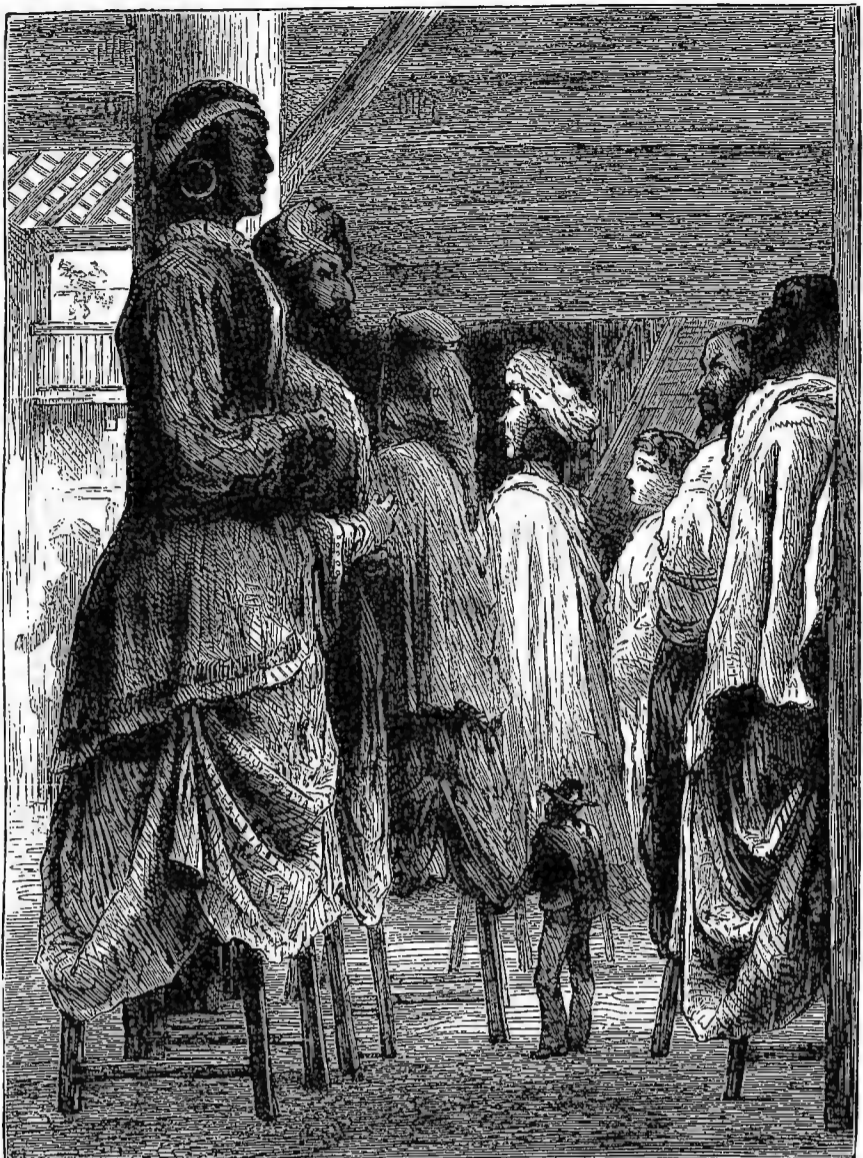
JOSEPH CHENEY BOLTON, Esq., M.P. for Stirlingshire (Liberal), was born in 1819, and educated privately. He is in business as an East India merchant, being a partner in the firm of Messrs. Ker, Bolton, and Co., of London and Glasgow, which has various branch establishments in Singapore, Java, and the Philippine Islands.

THE HON. WILLIAM ST. JOHN FREMANTLE BRODRICK, M.P. for West Surrey (Conservative) is the eldest son of the eighth Viscount Middleton (who represented Mid-Surrey 1868-70). He was born in 1856, educated at Eton and Oxford, and was formerly Lieutenant in the 2nd Royal Surrey Militia. Mr. Brodrick, who now enters Parliament for the first time, is the youngest Conservative member of the House of Commons.

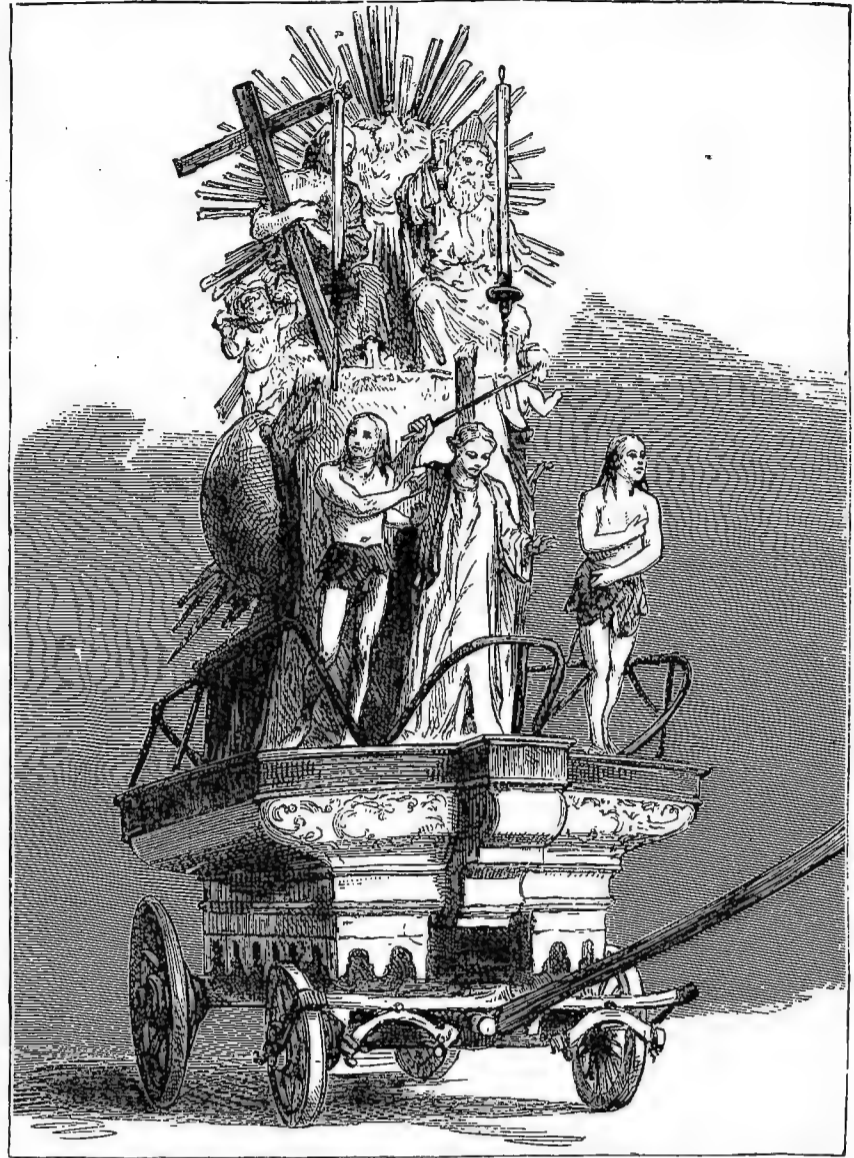
Our portraits are from photographs. Mr. Bolton by J. McLaren, Larbert, Stirlingshire; the Hon. W. St. John Brodrick by Barraud and Jerrard, 96, Gloucester Place, Portman Square, W.; Mr. Greer by the London Stereoscopic Company, 54, Cheapside; Mr. McMinnies by Webster, 33, Bridge Street, Warrington; Captain O'Shea by Lock and Whitfield, 178, Regent Street, W.; Dr. Webster by G. W. Wilson, 25, Crown Street, Aberdeen; and Mr. Woolf by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, Portman Square, W.

SLAVE DEALING does not only exist in Central Africa, if we are to believe a correspondent of the *Indian Daily News*, who writes that one of the most attractive sights at the *Sepee* fair is a group of good-looking and gaily clad maidens lolling on a grassy slope under the shade and shelter of a cluster of magnificent *deodar* trees. Report says that many of these girls are brought there for sale, and that many a gallant present can, and does, purchase a wife for from Rs. 75 to Rs. 150. This is a fact not generally believed, but it is true nevertheless.

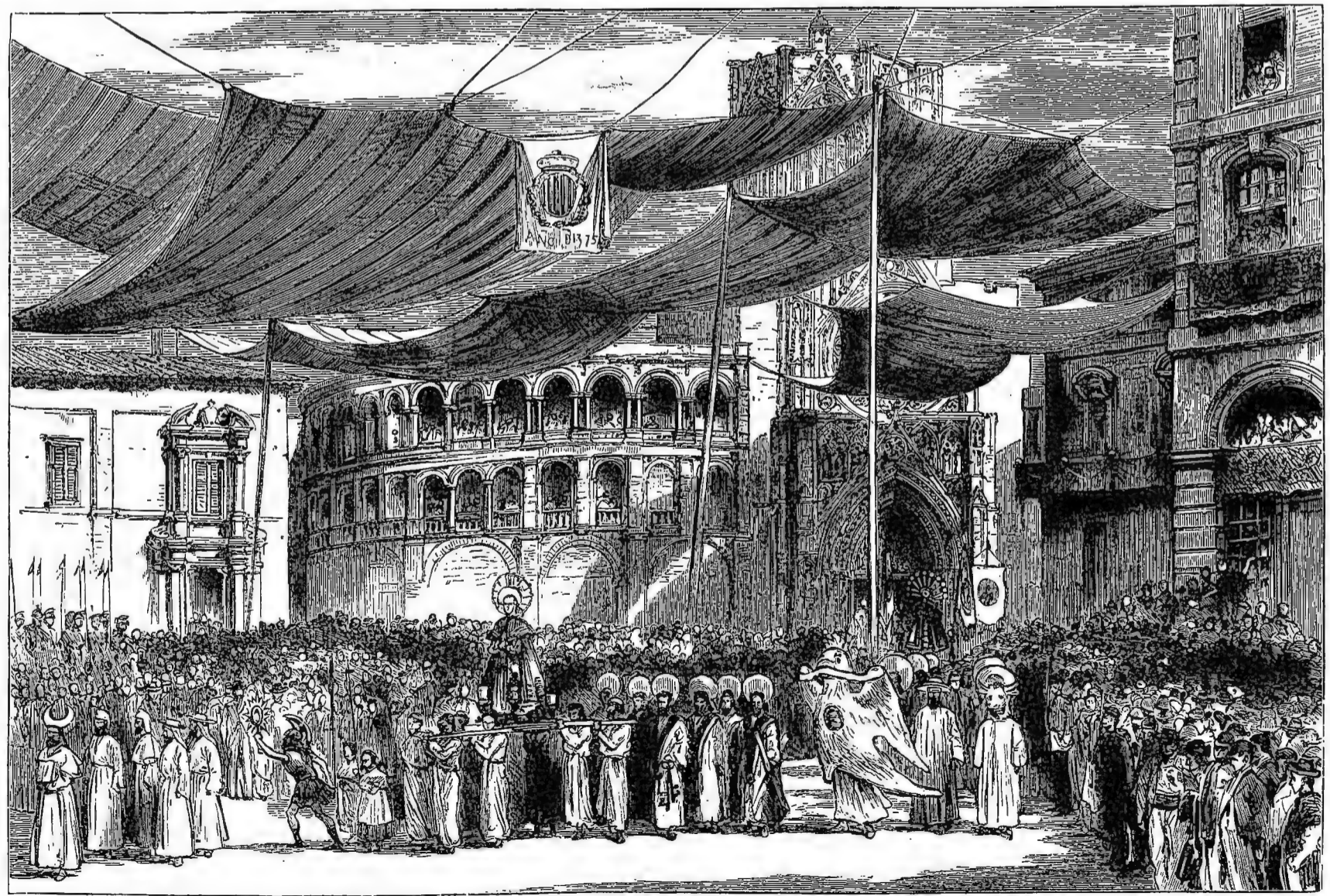
MORMON PROSELYTISM is as active as ever, notwithstanding the death of the chieftain and the hostility of the United States Government. An immigration agent recently stated to a correspondent of the *New York World* that he expected that the arrivals at Salt Lake this year would be larger than for many years past. "Our Church authorities sent abroad early this season forty additional missionaries, who will not return for two years. We have now in England, Scandinavia, Germany, Switzerland, and Holland about one hundred propagandists of our faith, who have left Utah for the sole purpose of making converts in Europe. They are assisted by several hundred local elders, who are commissioned as such in every community where the Mormon interest gains the slightest foothold."



THE GIANTS IN THE HOUSE OF THE ROCAS BEFORE THE PROCESSION



ALLEGORICAL GROUP USED IN THE PROCESSION (1674)



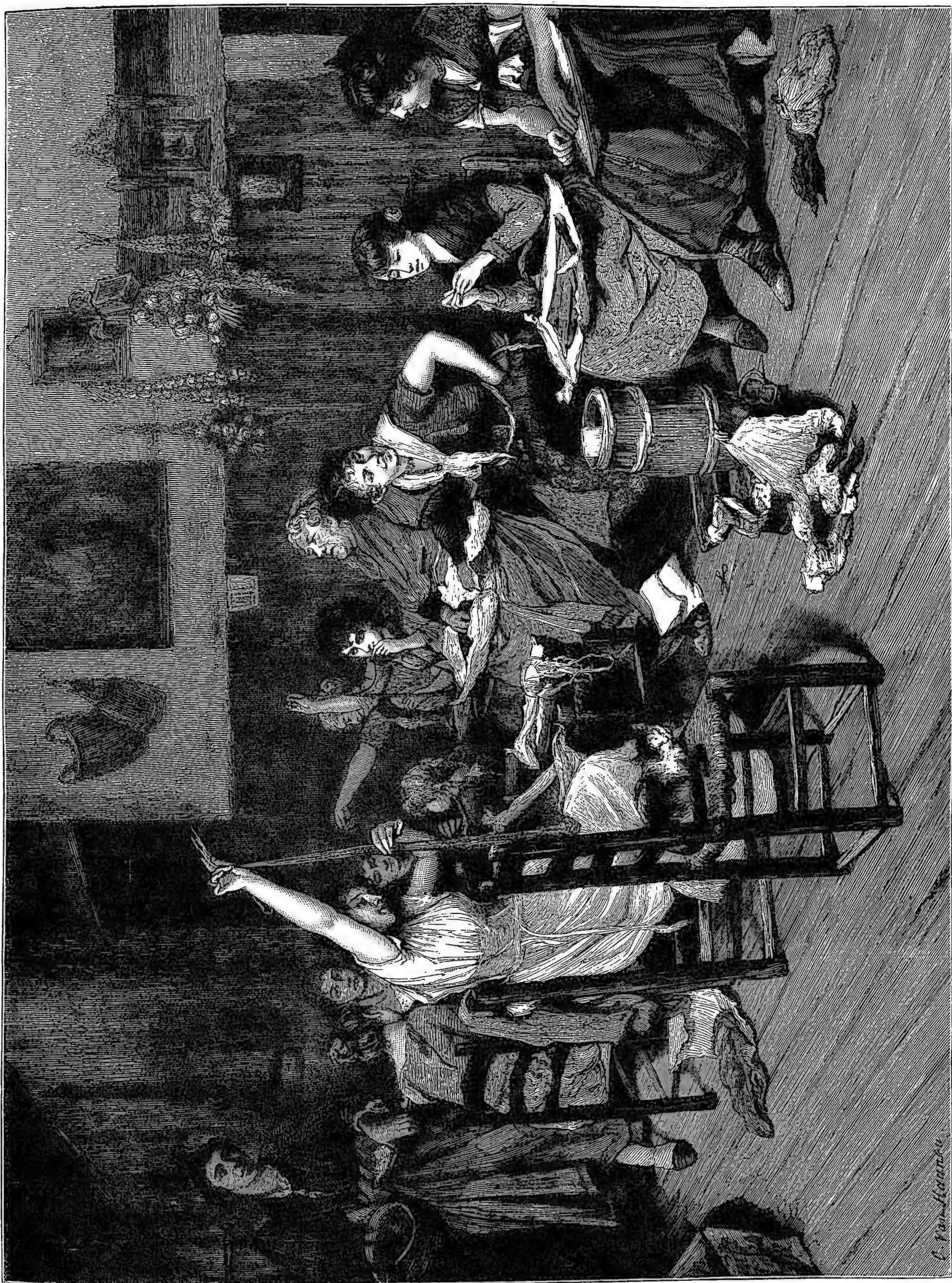
Aaron and the Tribes

Joshua Commanding the Sun to Stand Still

The Twelve Apostles

THE PROCESSION IN THE PLAZA DE LA CONSTITUCION

THE FESTIVAL OF THE CORPUS CHRISTI AT VALENCIA



"PEARL STRINGERS IN VENICE"
FROM THE PICTURE BY C. VAN HAANEN, IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY

C. van Haanen



WHEN Mr. Baddeley styles his book "The Thorough Guide to the English Lake District" (Dulan, Soho Square), he is not claiming for it more than it deserves. It is just what a guide-book ought to be, pointing out not vaguely but with the minute care of a present friend what to see and how to get at it. For want of such a guide how often the tourist misses not the road to his lake or mountain, but the best point of view, that very peep which justifies the enthusiasm which after he has toiled half-a-day and "done" the thing itself he fails to comprehend. With Mr. Baddeley there is no fear of his doing this; he is in thorough sympathy with what he writes about, and knows the district in all its aspects, having made (he says) some of his most successful ascents in mid-winter. As he well remarks, the charm of our lake district is proportion, on which, far more than on actual size and height, real beauty depends. There is a continual succession of beauties, with none of those uninteresting wastes which, even in Scotland, are so trying. This, of course, is a great boon both to the pedestrian and to those who seek rest rather than the labour of so many miles a day. Mr. Baddeley has a weakness for Coniston, and is a little hard on Ullswater, "because it is always reminding you of something in Switzerland or Scotland; Windermere and Derwentwater are unique." He has a good word for some of the less popular lakes which most people never think of visiting. The numerous maps, general and sectional, are very clear, and carefully coloured to show the elevation—wholly different from the ordinary guide-book map. No one who wants to see The Lakes properly will think of going without "The Thorough Guide" in his pocket.

Mr. F. E. Hulme's "Familiar Wild Flowers" (Cassell) is a delightful book, daintily got up, its forty coloured plates carefully done, and the letterpress rich in new and varied information; just the book to tempt people to a more thorough study of "the science of appreciating minute differences." It won't help the Lake tourist, anxious to make out the sundew, and butterwort, and bog-pimpernel; for, except the sea lavender and the snow-flake (once abundant on the Isle of Dogs), it contains only plants which any one with eyes may find round Wimbledon. And this is well; for to teach people the beauty of what lies at their feet is the surest way of awakening their interest in the whole subject. We remember some magazine writer on gardens was rash enough to praise a dandelion; and who would suspect that the sow-thistle or the "scentsless mayweed" that grows on every rubbish-heap had really so many charms? Botany with a microscope and a manual like Professor Henslow's is a severe study, an excellent discipline for those who don't go in for a regular school course. Botany with Mr. Hulme will add zest to many an otherwise dull walk. He proves that one need not go far afield to find what will both give pleasure and repay investigation. We wish he had not chosen almost exclusively autumn flowers. Some of our best wild flowers blossom early; as if Nature, having the serious business of the hay and corn before her, was anxious to get her ornamental work over betimes.

Mr. E. Fawcett's "Hopeless Case" and Miss Perry's "Tragedy of the Unexpected, and Other Stories" (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.; London: Trübner) have this advantage over our railway novels, that the print is large. Of the matter we need not say much; it is what railway novel-readers are pretty well accustomed to. Miss Perry cannot in a thirty-page tale do much analysis of character, but she makes up in abundance of incident and of racy dialogue. "My, but didn't we girls go on?" "My goodness, did I go on like that?" may be the *patois* of Fifth Avenue; whether it is or not we hope it won't be added to the "society" slang of which we have already far too much. Mr. Fawcett does sketch a character and a rare one—a real heroine who, launched in New York fashionable life, stems the tide, and has courage to go back again to her quiet home, having first given up to a girl who was deeply in love with him the prince of New York "eligibles," after he had proposed to her, and though she certainly had a *tendre* for him. The contrast between the heroine and her selfish cousin is well kept up; indeed, the American belle, though she has often appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, is so rare in English fiction that ladies who have undertaken to supply a three-volume novel before the season's end may do worse than "borrow" from Mr. Fawcett. It is hard to believe, though, that Brooklyn and New York are as distinct as two different planets, and that the worldliness and *blasé* frivolity which rule supreme in the one are wholly unknown in the Arcadia across the river. Naturally these volumes give us the newest thing in orthography; "defense" we knew, but "gayeties" was quite a surprise.

If novels of University life were not exceptionally hard to write, "Tom Brown at Oxford" would not have been so wofully inferior to "Tom Brown's School Days." The Rev. H. C. Adams, however, in "College Days at Oxford" (Griffith and Farran, London; Dutton, New York), has done better than Mr. Hughes; and his story has none of the morbid nonsense which mars "Julian Fane." Here and there it is Verdant-Greenish in its rollicking joviality, but on the whole it is a fair picture of the lights and shadows of college life. One hero (for the story has two) does rather a weak thing—he signs a money-lender's bill, posts it, and gets no return—not even the bad wine and worse cigars which sometimes form part of the loan; and yet he can take no steps in the matter for fear of ruinously compromising not himself only, but several friends. We hope Transatlantic readers will not think that undergraduates are often nonplussed in this way, or that a black sheep, like the villain of the story, is always to be found in a college flock. The love-making (there is a fair amount of it) is well managed; and in one scene Mr. Adams is really, though unsensationally, pathetic. The tone of the book is thoroughly healthy, and the incidents varied and well described. The characters are real Oxford men, and not mouth-pieces for giving out social or educational theories.

In Italy things are not as well as they might be, or else such a Liberal as M. de Laveleye would not, in "L'Italie Actuelle" (Hachette), see so much to find fault with. The Government spends too much, and not on the right things. Schoolmistresses die of decline on wholly insufficient salaries, whole hill-sides are washed away for want of re-planting, even the sober hard-working Lombardy peasant gets *pellagra* through being forced to live on nothing but Indian corn; while millions are wasted on useless iron-clads, a triumphal arch is set up to Victor Emmanuel, and (which most of all disgusts M. de Laveleye) the palatial public offices are furnished like the drawing-rooms of New York millionaires, instead of with the austere simplicity of Berlin or Vienna. This lavish expenditure is, thinks our author, the main danger just now. Of Socialism there is little need to be afraid; what exists is caused by the grinding taxation which is rapidly ruining the small freeholders. Republicanism has made very little way; and Clericalism will not be dangerous till the present clergy are replaced by trained seminary priests. This cannot be for two generations; and before then a devout Liberal is bound either to hope against hope that the teeth of Romanism will at last be drawn, or to expect that the Italians will have evolved a new religion. Of course M. de Laveleye's book, being his, is well-written; the description of Capri is perfect. But for us its chief interest lies in the resemblance between Italy and

Ireland. In both the religious difficulty and the question of absentee *versus* small proprietor have given much trouble, and will give more. M. de Laveleye is the champion of *petite culture*; but he is perfectly fair, and seems to prove his case as far as Italy is concerned.

In his work on "Giotto" (Sampson, Low, and Co.) Mr. Quilter has undertaken an unexceptionally difficult task, which, we venture to say, he has satisfactorily accomplished. For the successful treatment of the subject, a more than superficial knowledge of the history of Art—especially of the era of the Renaissance—was indispensable; and the perusal of this book has satisfied us of Mr. Quilter's qualifications in this respect. We may add that the views expressed by the author are evidently the result of careful study and reflection; and that the work is written in a clear and vigorous style. Mr. Quilter's theory is that much of the best work that has been produced by painters of pictures in our own time is due to the influence of Giotto's style and treatment of his subjects, an argument no doubt correct as regards that school known as pre-Raphaelite. Although a true admirer of the genius of the old Italian master, the author never allows his admiration to bias his judgment, as may be seen in his exhaustive remarks on the thirty-nine frescoes in the Arena Chapel. A short account of the works of Cimabue, and a review of Italian art in the thirteenth century, enable the reader more fully to appreciate the immense advance made by Giotto in composition and drawing. The work appears in the form of an *édition de luxe*, enriched with many engravings and photographs, and a chromo-lithograph of the unknown Madonna. This biography of Giotto will, we think, be a welcome addition to the literature of Art.

Major-General Sir F. J. Goldsmid's "James Outram: A Biography" (Smith and Elder) is far more than a mere biography, else these two big volumes would be too much even for such a life as that of "the Bayard of India." They are also a full record of some of the most stirring episodes in Indian history. Our whole relations with Sind (by no means to our credit) are carefully detailed, much light being incidentally thrown on the causes and progress of the first unhappy Afghan War. And Outram's position as Chief Commissioner in Oude in 1855, no less than his share in the Relief of Lucknow, and his heroic defence of the Alumbagh, make it impossible to write his life without telling about the annexation and its consequences, and how "the Garden of India" was finally dealt with. Outram, like Clive, was a wild, danger-loving schoolboy. Had he been merely the son of a Derbyshire engineer who died in difficulties, the world might have heard little of him; but his mother was daughter of Dr. James Anderson the agriculturist, and from the characteristic way in which she attacked Lord Melville, and forced a pension out of him, we can well understand how she got from the Gordon family cadships for both her boys. James Outram's masterful nature soon earned him the nickname of "the little General;" and when he volunteered for Burmah, Sir Charles Colville satirically replied: "After duly considering, I've come to the conclusion that the war can be successfully finished without you." Determination is good when it keeps a man firm in the right; and he who would not touch a penny of the Sind prize money because he felt the war had been wickedly unjust, and who served as a volunteer in the relieving force in order that Havelock (his inferior in military rank) might have the full glory of saving Lucknow, well deserved the title which Sir Charles Napier gave him, and which Dean Stanley adopted as his most fitting epitaph. Sir F. Goldsmid has done his work thoroughly and conscientiously, and the book is one which will not only give pleasure to old Indians, but which we should like to see in the hands of elder schoolboys.

Are we to have "Free Trade in Disease?" Mr. Enoch Robinson hopes so; and in "Can Disease Protect Health?" he tries to prove that vaccination is a mistake, that there is no such thing as cow-pock, Jenner's cows having been accidentally infected with real small-pox, and that the "well defined" vaccination mark merely shows that the health power was sufficient to keep the vaccine disease well within a given area. We cannot here discuss the subject. To those who wish to do so we recommend Mr. Robinson and "The Vaccine Inquirer" (Hay Nisbet, Glasgow), the July number of which gives in full the recent House of Commons debate on the subject.

Everybody who is preparing for an examination likes to know as much as he can of the class of questions which will be asked. The presumption is: "If I can do last year's and those of the year before fairly well, I have a chance." And Mr. W. F. Austin, of Ealing, in "Mathematical Examination Papers Set for Entrance to R. M. A., Woolwich, with Answers" (Stanford), throws this knowledge open to all. This is but right; that old examination papers should be (as they have often been at other places besides Woolwich) the privilege of a favoured few is unbearable; and Government rightly followed the good example of the London University in publishing from the first the questions for the Indian Civil Service. These Woolwich questions are much like those in Wrigley and Johnston or Capes; but there they are for every pupil and every tutor to make the best of.

We have a batch of books from the *Bazaar* Office. In "Stock Keeping for Amateurs," Mr. Ablett has abridged one of the volumes of his "Farming for Pleasure and Profit," and has added the horse, ass, and goat to the animals he previously treated of. "Why horses eat dirt? Because a foul stable has given them acidity," shows how practical the book is. Indeed, like all that Mr. Ablett has published, it is full of useful hints.

Equally useful are "Bulbs and Bulb Culture," "Cucumber Culture," Mr. Dalziel's "British Dogs," and Mr. Myall's "Fancy Pigeons." Fancy getting three good portraits of famous living dogs for sixpence! In the book on pigeons, the *Bazaar* is even more generous. Mr. Fish's "Bulbs" is well above the average of such books. Mr. May might have added to his pictures of boilers a sketch of a cucumber house, with the long shapely fruit hanging overhead amid the shadowing leaves. We know nothing more tempting. In such a place one feels like Jonah without the worm, and asks: "Why doesn't everybody go in for cucumber growing?"

The same enterprising *Bazaar* sends us Mr. Davies's "Practical Boat Sailing for Amateurs," a book to delight boys who have begun boat-building, explaining as it does the difference between yawl, Norfolk-cutter, coble, Mudian, and cat-rig. It is also full of practical information for young yachtsmen. The chapter on knots gives such clear pictures as make the mysteries of splicing and hitching quite comprehensible.

SOME COUNTRY SMELLS

IN speaking of some country smells, I do not refer to "them stinkin' woilets," which the old huntsman anathematised for putting a practical end to fox-hunting, when March had given place to April in the year's procession of months. It was an old joke or saying that Sir John Dean Paul, the banker, had put in print, in the pages of a sporting magazine, many years before the ardent fox-hunter John Leech, appropriated it as a capital subject for his inimitable pencil. No, I do not speak of the "stinkin' woilets," or, as I would prefer to say, quoting the Laureate in preference to the huntsman, "The smell of the violets, hidden in the green."

Nor do I speak of those other country smells of which the perfume lingers in Tennyson's verse, such as "the smell of dying leaves," or the "moist rich smell of the rotting leaves," or, looking forward a little, "the rare smell of the new-mown hay," and that

May month when "all the land in flowery squares . . . smelt of the coming summer."

No, I do not speak of these, nor even, as that mention of May reminds me, of the blossoming "May" or hawthorn, which, to some people, does not seem so very sweet smelling, but has a sickly odour, so that the country-folk say that "it smells just like the Great Plague of London," a tradition and memory, perhaps of those troublous days when so many had to flee out of the Great City, and seek for safety and freedom from infection under the hawthorn bushes on the breezy heights to the north of London. Nor do I even speak of the gorse, whose golden blossoms brought Linnaeus to his knees, for very thankfulness that he had seen such a glorious sight, and whose scent, nevertheless, is to some persons, overpowering in its effects, and as sickly as that of hawthorn. Nor do I speak of the lilacs, with their gush of perfume, nor even of the laburnums, whose full scent is Nature's own eau-de-cologne. Nor do I even speak of those sweet-smelling bean-fields, that reminded John Leech's barber (driving out his missis for a Sunday excursion) "of the smell of delicious 'air-oil.'"

I speak of other country smells that occasionally assail us in our rural retreats, and compel us for awhile to regard our modern Arcadia with the Horatian *naso adunco*. Query: does a "tip-tilted" nose, or a fine old Roman, or a nose like that of Wordsworth's Paulinus,

His prominent organ like an eagle's beak,

a Duke of Wellington or Sir Charles Napier nose, a celestial, snub, Greek, Jewish, cogitative, or meditative nose, what kind of "nasal organ" is most susceptible of the sense of smelling? This is a difficult and delicate point that is not discussed by Mr. George Jabet ("Eden Warwick") in his clever work "Notes on Noses." But it is certain that there are some persons whose sense of smell is unusually keen, and who can detect the locality of a tannery or bone-boiling manufactory sooner than many other people would hint at its whereabouts.

Perhaps Mrs. Urban, widow of a highly respectable tea-merchant in the City of London, was one of these. After spending upwards of forty years in the great metropolis, she thought that she should like to end her days in the quiet repose of the country, and she took a small but pretty villa in the agricultural parish of Minima Parva, Blankshire. It was a "Lady-day take," therefore she entered upon the occupation of Pomona Villa at the season of "the merry, merry spring time, which makes the heart so gay." But there was a persistent bleak nor-easter, which Mr. Kingsley might have loved, but to which Mrs. Urban objected, and it carried in her direction the smoke of burning scutch, which was far from pleasant. It was also lambing time, and it filled the air with an overpowering sense of sheepiness, in which the oil from the thick greasy fleeces had a contest for the pre-eminence of smell with the mangold wurzels that were chopped up for food, and for the keep of the stock. The spreading of manure was also somewhat trying, and although not a Jewess, yet she had an utter aversion to the pig as an unclean and strong-smelling beast.

But on a certain summer's day, when doors and windows are thrown wide open to admit the pure country air, an intolerable smell takes possession of the house, a smell that may almost be felt, a sickening overpowering odour that is wafted through every chink and cranny, and pervades the dwelling from garret to cellar. Mrs. Urban inhales the perfume with distended nostrils, as though she were one of those magnificent heroines of a sensation novel who invariably "distend their nostrils" at every situation of thrilling and absorbing interest. She makes a tour of the house in search for evidence of the origin of the stench. Failing to attribute it to drains or to a neglected bell trap, or to cabbage-water in the scullery, she rings the bell, which is answered by her little foot-page, a Blankshire youth, whose native rusticity is superior to a tight broadcloth suit garnished with roly-poly buttons.

"Francis!" she demands, "what is the cause of the dreadful smell all round the house?"

The youth answers in his mother tongue. "If you please, mum, it's up at the farm. They'm a boiling mangles!"

"Boiling mangles!" echoes his mistress, not exactly seeing in what way the useful apparatus called a mangle could be boiled, even if it was necessary to put it to such a culinary purpose. "Boiling mangles! what for?"

"Please 'm, for the stock."

Now Mrs. Urban, being an experienced housekeeper, knows full well that "stock" wherewith to make the foundation for soups and gravies is frequently boiled in her own domicile; but what can be the connection of mangles with stock is beyond her poor comprehension. "What mangles do you refer to, Francis?" she inquires in desperation.

"Mangel wurzels, 'm! turmits!" is the youth's reply.

"Then why could you not say so, Francis?" she observes, "instead of calling turnips 'mangles'?"

"Please 'm, turmits ain't mangles," replies Francis, in self-defence.

But his mistress is not to be drawn into a controversial dispute on a subject of which she is profoundly ignorant. Yet a light breaks in upon her. She has heard, even in London, of the useful root with the extraordinary name mangold wurzel, and now she is aware, in her country retreat at Pomona Villa, that the boiling down of these roots for the use of the stock or beasts on the Minima Parva farms is an operation that will be repeated at frequent intervals, more especially in the winter season, and that it is a process which, if the wind sets her way, will infallibly make itself known to her sense of smell. It is not "the pleasant savoury smell" that "quicken'd appetite," of which Milton speaks, but rather, Falstaff's "rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril." But these are some of the smells of the country.

CUTHBERT BEDE

THE DREAMS OF YOUTH

I BUILT me a vessel long years ago,

And I fitted it out like the galleys of old;

Its sails were as white as the fresh-fallen snow,

And its bows were resplendent with crimson and gold.

Its bulwarks were firm, and its masts strong and tall,

And a gay-coloured pennon on high was spread;

The beauty of Youth lent a charm to it all,

And an image of Hope was its proud figure-head.

I launched it one morn in the spring of the year,

When the breezes were low, and the sunbeams were bright;

And I, in the pride of my youth, had no fear

Of the strength of the waves, or the gloom of the night.

So I dreamed of the riches my galley would bring

From the lands where no bark had been ever before;

But the summer passed by, and spring wore round to spring,

And my vessel returned not, alas, to the shore!

At length one dark autumn it came back to me,

But its masts were all broken, its bows were bare;

Its bulwarks were covered with growth of the sea,

And the figure of Hope was no longer there.

While it brought me for freight but the drift of the wave,

The sea-foam and weeds that had lain in it long;

And I mournfully sighed as I gazed on the grave

Of the dreams that were bright when Life's heart-beat was strong.

CHARLES A. CLOSE



JOHN GORDON M'INNIES, ESQ.
Warrington



CHARLES BRADLAUGH, ESQ.
Northampton



SYDNEY WOOLF, ESQ.
Pontefract



DR. JOHN WEBSTER,
Aberdeen



THOMAS GREER, ESQ.
Carrickfergus



CAPTAIN WILLIAM HENRY O'SHEA
Clare County

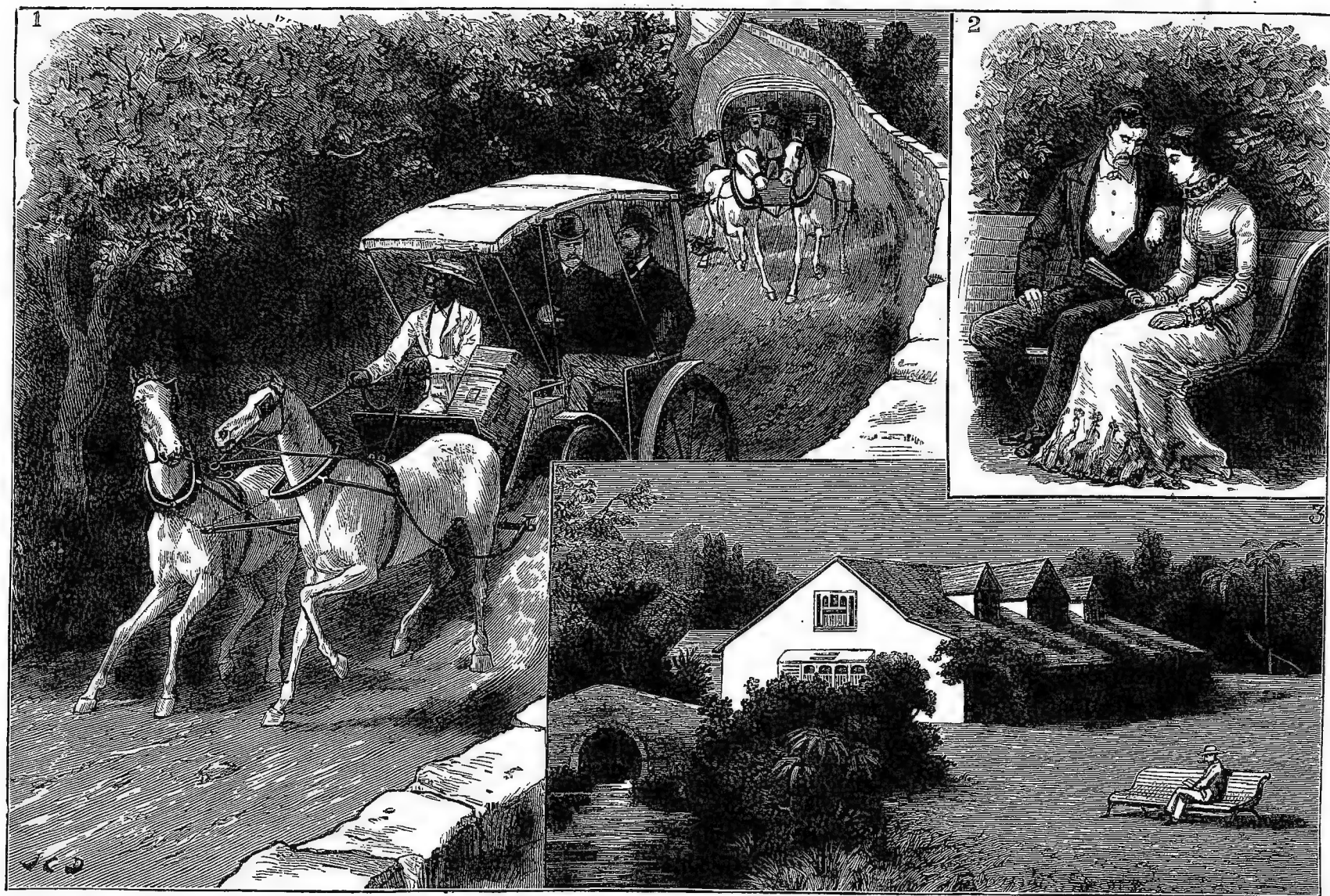


JOSEPH CHENEY BOLTON, ESQ.
Stirlingshire

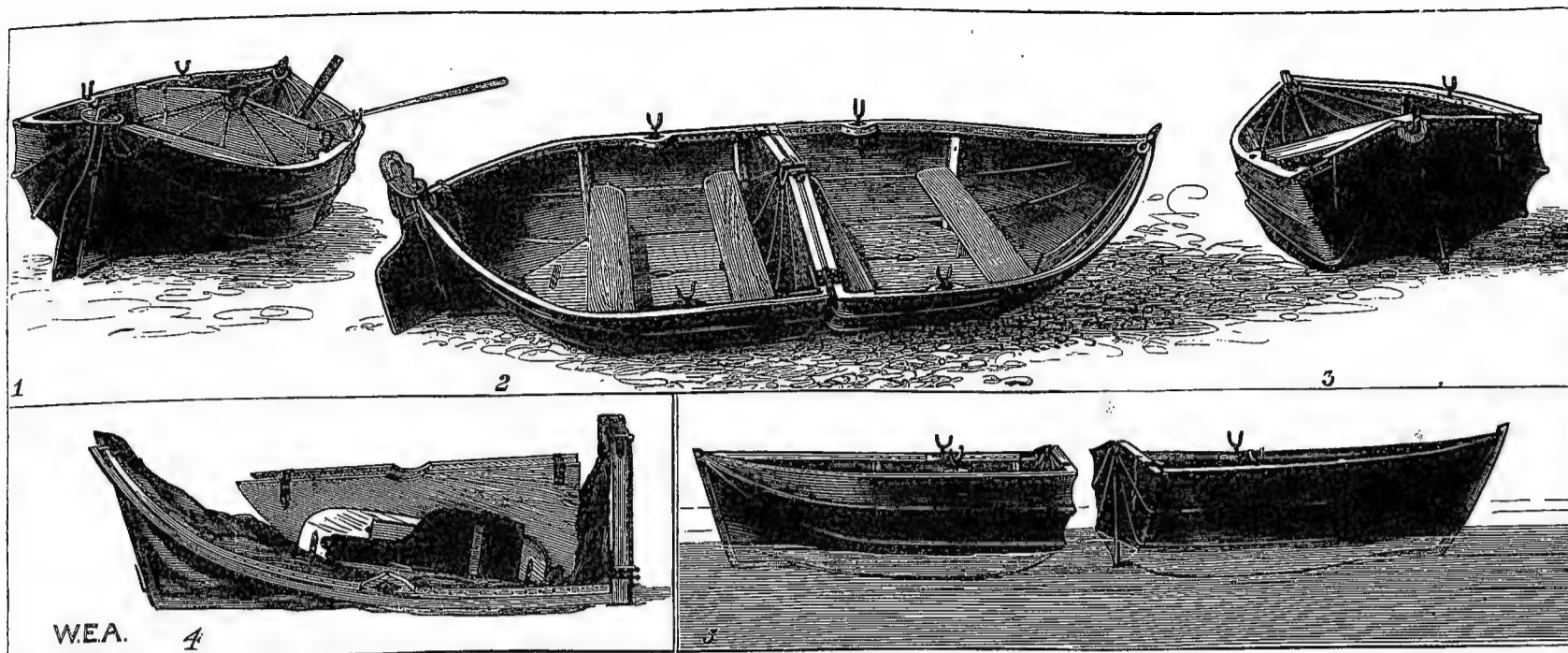


HON. WILLIAM ST. JOHN FREMANTLE BRODRICK
West Surrey

NEW MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS—IX.

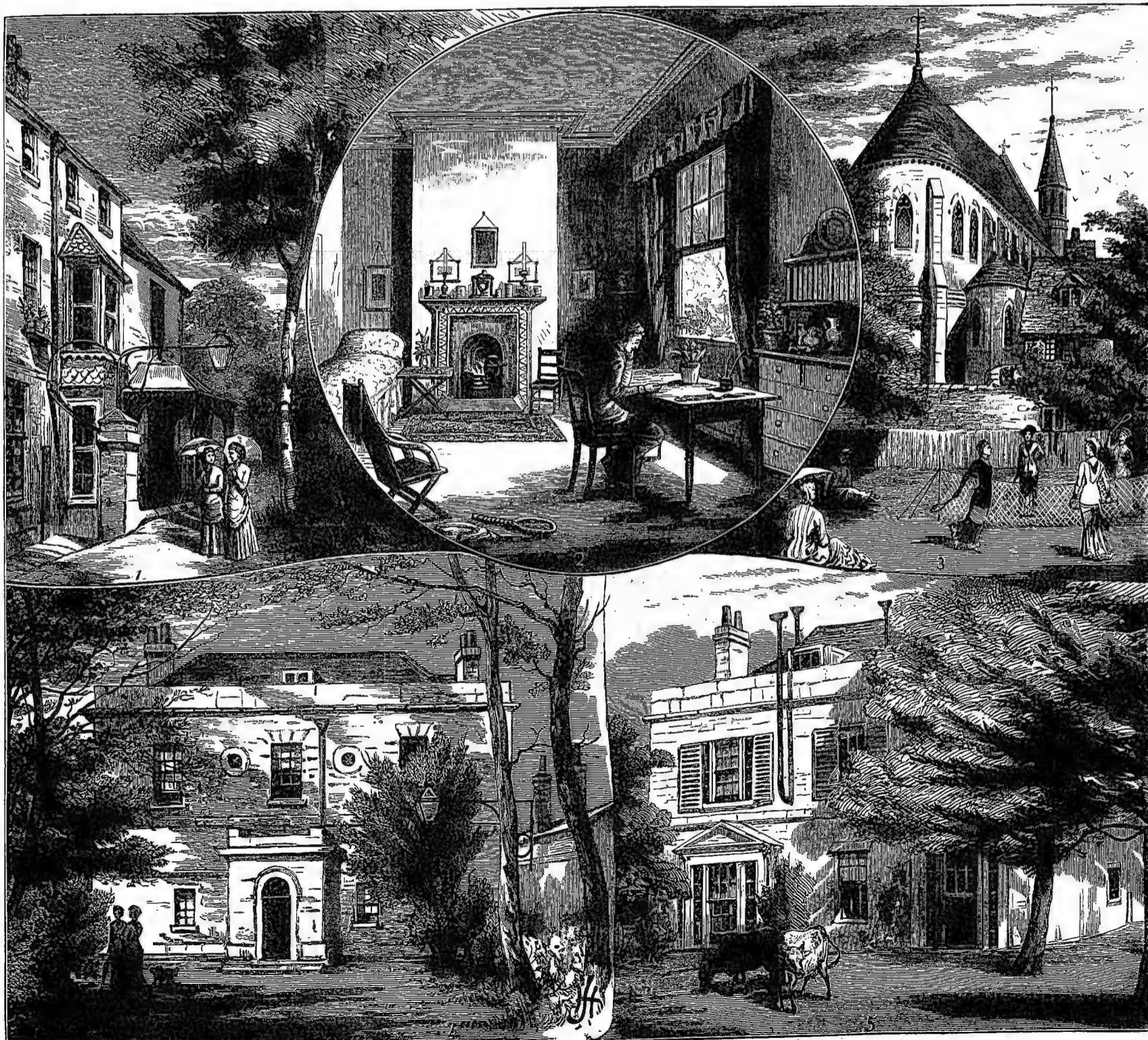


1. How We Get About.—2. A *Tête-à-Tête*.—3. A Planter's House.



1. Stern View of Boats Joined.—2. The Boats Complete.—3. Stern View of Half-Boat.—4. Half-Boat Closed.—5. The Two Halves Separate, Forming Two Dingies.

THE NEW BERTHON COLLAPSING BOAT



1. Cottages in the Drive.—2. A Student's Room.—3. View from Lawn Tennis Ground.—4. Approach to the Hall and Entrance.—5. Back View of the Hall from the Garden.

THE LADIES' COLLEGE, SOMERVILLE HALL, OXFORD

dissatisfied with the offer of 3,300*l.* compensation made for them, had the matter referred to the official arbitrator, who awarded him 2,900*l.* only. He then appealed to a jury, which has still further reduced the amount, giving a verdict for 2,750*l.*, out of which he will of course have to pay all the costs of the proceedings.

A SINGULAR LEGAL DIFFICULTY arose at Guildford the other day, when it was discovered that eight prisoners had been by mistake committed from two London police courts to take their trial at the Quarter Sessions instead of at the Assizes, and consequently the witnesses who had been bound over to appear then were not now in attendance. Mr. Justice Lopes, after taking time to consider the matter, came to the conclusion that they could not legally be detained, and accordingly, after formal proclamation had been made in the Court calling upon the prosecutors to come forward, the whole of the prisoners were set at liberty. It is stated that the charges against them were all of a trivial nature, but we suppose that had they been of ever so serious a character the same course must have been adopted.

A FRAUDULENT INSURANCE COMPANY.—Last week the seven directors, the manager, the solicitor, the auditor, the foreign correspondent, and the accountant of the Northern Counties of England Fire Insurance Company (Limited), were placed on their trial at the Manchester Assizes for conspiring to defraud the public, but during the hearing the charge was withdrawn as against two of the directors (the foreign correspondent and the solicitor), the judge holding that there was no case against them, and at the close the jury acquitted another of the directors and the accountant. The rest were found guilty and were sentenced, the manager to eighteen months, the auditor to twelve months, and the others to six months' hard labour respectively. The company, which was started in January, 1876, seems to have been a gigantic imposture from first to last. Fictitious profits were fictitiously capitalised, non-existent deposits with continental banks were entered as assets, and the nominal capital of 100,000*l.* was early increased to 250,000*l.*, and ultimately to 1,000,000*l.*, although the actual cash paid in never amounted to more than 57,000*l.*



SCOTLAND.—Agricultural prospects are good, and the cereals are likely to fully compensate farmers of mixed land for the lightness of the hay crop. The straw of all cereals seems to be rather short as a rule, but wheat is a very sturdy growth, and barley has seldom promised a larger yield. A few fields of early oats have already been cut. Potatoes are free from disease, turnips have generally escaped the fly, and altogether the Scottish farmer has reason to be grateful.

THE ENGLISH EASTERN COUNTIES.—During the past fortnight the bulk of the hay has been got in. Although somewhat deteriorated by previous rains, the quality is regarded as an improvement on 1879. Wheat is changing colour, and is likely to be an average crop. Notwithstanding occasional barrenness and blight, barley promises to be a good yield, and the most distinctly remunerative of the cereal crops. Oats are strong and healthy. Potatoes are mostly very good, but here and there disease is met with.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS AT CARLISLE were hardly to be reached, even by the adventurous, the yard where they stood being all but impassable with mud. Firms whose outlay had been very considerable were in no wise recouped by orders, and as regards this branch of the Exhibition there was an almost exact reproduction of the Kilburn disaster.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY have not suffered so severely as last year, their expenditure being materially less. Estimates of a thousand pounds loss will probably be exceeded, however, and it is to be observed that since the first Exhibition held at Carlisle a quarter of a century ago, the annual shows have cost the Society out of pocket something very considerable—enough to endow half-a-dozen agricultural chairs or professorships.

SMALL HOLDINGS sometimes pay the landlord at any rate, for at a recent re-letting of a well-known farm near Tunbridge, the division of the property into lots of an average area of thirty-five acres only resulted in an aggregate rent being obtained very considerably in excess of the previous undivided letting. If *la petite culture* is to succeed at all, it will best be promoted through leaving landlords to find out where their own interests lie. Where it will not pay landlords to divide the land, it will hardly pay tenants to take small lots. And the presumption of course is that the principle holds good when "turned round," as in the recent case now before us.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COMMISSION now have Messrs. Read and Pell's report on American agriculture to consider. Its conclusions are of a very mixed character; but put with the extreme brevity here needed they are as follows:—"Immense natural advantages still unexploited are rendered from year to year uncertain through extremes of climate, insect and other pests, not always to be escaped even in the most favoured States."

THE THAMES has become quiet again, the flood water having gone down. Haymaking has generally been completed in the Thames-valley counties, and the cornfields, as seen from a journey up river, look well on the whole, though here and there the result of hail and heavy rain damage in mid-July is still apparent. Root crops look very healthy.

WOOL is cheap, and hard to sell just now. The Duke of Richmond recently sent his fleeces to Chichester fair, and failed to find any buyers, while at Lewes fair not a single sale was effected. These incidents are almost without precedent.

HOPS.—It is scarcely safe to say that hops will be a large crop even with a fine August. Mould and fly are not generally threatening, but districts vary greatly, some parishes in Sussex, Hampshire, and the Weald of Kent having given up all hope of an average yield, while others are really fortunate. Sussex on the whole seems less favoured than Kent. Herefordshire gardens are flourishing.

THE END OF A FARM LEASE.—Agricultural landlords and tenants should read the case of Long v. Syrett, recently decided at Bedford Summer Assizes. Several points of importance occur in the report, the case itself being one involving the respective rights and liabilities of landlords and outgoing and incoming tenants on the termination of an agricultural tenancy. The case itself is too long, and in parts too technical, for further mention.

NORTH COUNTRY AGRICULTURE.—While the weary, miserable, washed-out Carlisle show misrepresented the whole of England, the North Country in which it was held found local, but satisfactory, representation a week later at Newcastle. There were 1,301 entries, 419 being of live stock, and the entire Exhibition was a success. A fine show of shepherd dogs formed a special and pleasing feature of the show.

PROFESSOR TANNER (not the fasting man) is to deliver the agricultural lectures at South Kensington. The first lecture will be given on the 4th, the last on the 26th, of August.

AGRICULTURAL INTERESTS IN ENGLAND would be furthered by generosity such as that of the French Government, which has

just given M. Pasteur 2,000*l.* to help him in prosecuting research into the origin and prevention of contagious diseases in live stock.

CLIFTON.—Lovers of the beautiful scenery on the Avon by Clifton should keep their eyes on a new scheme, called the "Port and Pier Inclined Railway." The charming holiday resort of the great city of Bristol and of thousands from other parts must not be disfigured to promote a mere commercial speculation.

BIRDS.—The cuckoo is lingering with us very late. "In July he prepares to fly," says the old saw; but, as a matter of fact, cuckoos are but seldom heard after Midsummer Day. This year, however, and in different parts of the country the cuckoo's note has been heard during July at frequent intervals. Swallows do not seem numerous this year. As regards game, partridges have had a "mixed" hatching time, and the heavy thunderstorms must have been fatal to some broods. On the whole, however, the season for game is a great improvement on last year. In the North grouse are strong and abundant.

HAY DRYING MACHINES.—A mowing and drying machine is recommended for our variable climate, so often rainy even in July. Mr. Fuller, of Corsham, having recently harvested his hay by machinery, states, for general information, the cost which gave him thirty tons of hay stacked in condition. The total outlay for engine, transport, fuel, and the labour of horses, men, and boys was 20*l.* 6*s.* 0*d.*, the mean rate being 9*s.* 6*d.* per acre, or 13*s.* 6*d.* per ton. It may be added that a heavy crop per acre would be got at proportionately less money. Dislike it as we may, machinery seems in the hay field to be gaining the victory long since won in the corn lands.

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.—At Downton near Salisbury, the other day, Professor Frean delivered a capital lecture on "Grasses and Hay," his audience being the students of the Local Agricultural College. After the lecturer's seventy minutes information and theory the students and professors stripped to their shirts, rolled up their sleeves, and proceeded with the actual work of haymaking, at which they remained over four hours. Truly a combination of precept and practice such as should delight Mr. Ruskin, whose Oxford undergraduate band in their occupation of road-making were once the subject of illustration in the pages of *The Graphic*.

A TABLET, BEARING THE NAMES OF NINETEEN PRINCES OF WALES, with the dates of their birth, has been placed in a prominent part of Carnarvon Castle by Mr. R. Sorton Parry, who was High Sheriff of Carnarvonshire at during the last visit of the Prince of Wales to the county.

FROG FISHING is a favourite amusement in some parts of France. A special triple-pointed hook is used for the purpose, and the bait is either a poppy petal or a piece of scarlet cloth, so cut as to imitate a butterfly, which, it appears, the frog esteems a great delicacy. The bait is made to hover over the water, and the frog speedily jumps and seizes it.

FISH CULTURE IN WASHINGTON is meeting with considerable success. Two years since a hundred and twenty carp from the Hudson were transported thence, and they have multiplied so fast that they now number 20,000. These fish, the Transatlantic *Hour* states, will thrive in any pond or ditch, and as they grow rapidly and are fond of a vegetable diet, they are probably destined to be introduced into many American rivers.

A PANORAMA OF THE BATTLE OF ULUNDI is being painted by M. Adolphe Yvon, and will be exhibited in London next May. It is on the same principle as the well-known panorama of the Siege of Paris in the Champs Elysées. The artist has chosen the critical point of the engagement for his subject. The firing is going on on all sides, the Zulu kraal is in flames, and the Lancers are rushing on the foe. The scene is taken from the centre of the British position. At one point is Lord Chelmsford with his suite; at another are friendly Zulus in charge of the cattle and baggage; in the distance Cetwayo can be seen, while the infantry are firing in every direction.

ANOTHER ALPINE ACCIDENT is reported. Dr. Haller, of Burdorf, and two guides, Peter Rubi and Fritz Roth, left Grindelwald on July 14 for the Bergh Hut, ascending the Jungfrau the following day, and spending the night at the Eggischhorn Hotel. The next night they passed at the Concordia Hut, and on Saturday reached the Grimsel by the Oberaarjoch, whence Dr. Haller sent a telegram to his wife. On Sunday, the 18th, they started from the Grimsel by the Lauteraarjoch, for the Glectstein, where they intended to be present at the opening of a new club hut. Nothing further is known of them, and, although search has been made, no traces can be found of them. It is supposed they have been killed by an avalanche, signs of which are visible on the track which they must have traversed. Both of the guides have wives and children, and an urgent appeal is made on their behalf by Herr Gottfried Strasser, the Minister of Grindelwald, to whom all donations may be forwarded. Fritz Rubi is a well-known guide. He acted as porter in the celebrated expedition of Messrs. Leslie, Stephen, Hardy, and others, when the difficult Jungfrau was crossed, in 1862, for the first time. On this occasion he carried a 25ft. ladder for a long distance over very difficult ground. Another mountain accident occurred in the Tyrol on Sunday, when Herr Otto Welter, the Public Prosecutor of Cologne, and a distinguished jurist, fell into a crevasse, and died before he could be got out.

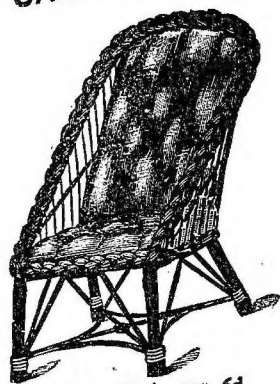
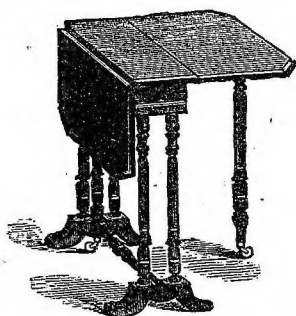
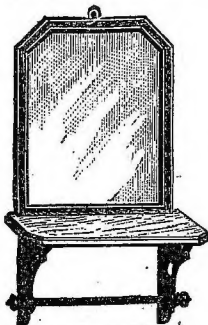
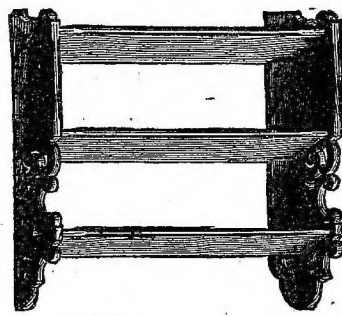
THE BAPTISMAL SUITS of Transatlantic ladies are now constructed of waterproof material, and in the most dainty and fashionable style possible. Here is the description of one from New York:—"The undergarments, Turkish drawers, French chemise, underwaist and skirts were of a silken fabric, something like pongee, a kind of Japanese or Chinese material, in cream colour, exquisitely trimmed with fine torchon lace and knots of ribbon. The dress, of a heavier fabric in the same shade, was a full, indescribable arrangement that fell about the figure in graceful folds or drapery, held in place at the waist line by a wide sash of wide ribbon, floriated in passion-flower pattern, in cream colour, to be tied in large bow in the back. The cap was a little gem of some illuminated fabric, decorated with golden gleam lace, that made the face appear as if surrounded by a halo." Everything in the outfit was completely waterproof, so that the convert, though completely immersed, will only wet her face. A lady, commenting upon this in the *Albany Sunday Press*, remarks:—"Now all this is splendid for feminine vanity, but the question arises in my mind, does it benefit the condition of the soul quite as much as a veritable old-fashioned immersion, when, instead of being dressed in waterproof garments and carefully dipped in a tank of warm water in the church, we had to ride miles to the river bank, through mud and often rain, to reach the appointed spot, in midwinter, clad in flannel or alpaca garments, and after the service we shivering men and women were tenderly wrapped in shawls and cloaks, and rode home in wet garments?"

CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL.—It seems somewhat paradoxical that, while the Hospital Sunday collection of money exhibited a satisfactory return, one of the most useful hospitals in London should have suffered so severely in its voluntary donation department as to compel the withdrawal from its wards of twenty beds out of the maximum complement of one hundred and eighty. Charing Cross is the hospital in question. In an earnest appeal to the public, the treasurer makes known that, instead of several thousand pounds, which by way of anonymous donations and legacies have

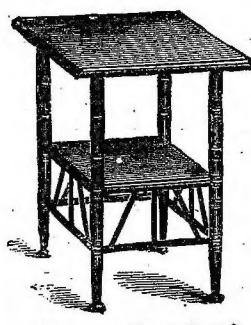
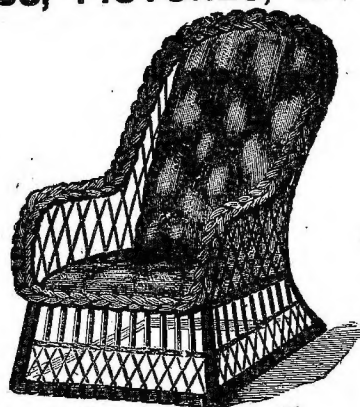
hitherto enriched the hospital exchequer in the course of twelve months, during the past year the receipts from these adventitious sources reached barely 500*l.*,—an alarming statement, indeed, in face of the fact that, for the maintenance of a hundred and eighty beds, an income of 12,000*l.* is necessary, and that all that can be depended on to make up this sum is 2,362*l.* 10*s.*, made up of 1,362*l.* from annual subscriptions, the remainder arising from the rents of house property adjoining the hospital. Having given this dismal account, the treasurer adds, "I regret to say that, unless substantial assistance be afforded, we may have to further reduce the number of beds, notwithstanding the large growing demands for admission to our wards." It is hard to believe that this embarrassment is any other than temporary. It may, perhaps, be said to be accidental. The prevailing depression in trade does not account for the falling off. It is not in the active, ever-fluctuating commercial world that hospitals and kindred charities find their main support. Their income is derived from steadier and more substantial sources,—from those who have been blessed with abundance, and are ready to give, and grateful to be shown ways of doing good worthy of their stewardship. Somehow, Charing Cross Hospital must have slipped out of the memory of these good Samaritans, and probably they will respond with both hands instead of one in thankful recognition of the treasurer's reminder. It is truly stated in the appeal that there is no other hospital in London more completely located in the very centre of "accident" and "want." "I have said not one word," says the secretary, "of the patients themselves, and of the blessings they reap from our hospital in cases of accident or sickness,—no words of mine could adequately picture how great a blessing the hospital is to them under such visitations, or how disastrous is to them this reduction of our accommodation." It would, indeed, be a reproach to the richest city in the world should an extended array of empty beds at Charing Cross Hospital continue to mock the sick and maimed who in vain knock at the gate seeking admission.

CABMEN AND THEIR CUSTOMERS.—That one may tread on that unobtrusive and harmless creature, the worm, until it is goaded to show resentment is an accepted axiom, and it may be taken as no less true that the most patient and accommodating cabman may be exasperated beyond meek endurance. It is notorious that the hard-working steersmen of the "gondolas of the streets" have of late years very much improved in their habits and customs, and that rapacity and insolence are now the exception and not the rule amongst them. It is unfortunate, therefore, that there are still to be found among the cab-hiring public those who decline to give the cabman credit for being a reformed character, and who are still disposed to treat him as an inveterate enemy, and as one who can be kept in order only by having first blow, as it were, thus stunning him beyond the power to show fight. A case in point was heard last week before Alderman Gabriel, at the Mansion House. A gentleman summoned a Hansom cab driver for misbehaviour. Complainant gave evidence that he engaged defendant by the hour, on which the latter demurred to take the job for less than three shillings, his legal fare being two-and-sixpence. This question, however, was temporarily waived, and the next bone of contention was a box, which complainant wished delivered on the way at a parcels delivery office, and which he suggested should be placed on the footboard in front. To this the cabman objected, on the ground that it would damage the paint of the cab-doors, but offered to place it on the roof, and to charge for it in the ordinary way. Under protest this seems to have been agreed to. Complainant yielded this point partially, declaring if the box was placed on the roof he would not pay for it; though why does not clearly appear. Next came the question, Where did the gentleman wish to be driven to? And this the gentleman declined to state, saying he would "guide" the driver by pointing with his stick. To this preposterous arrangement the man eventually consented. Arriving at the end of his hour's ride complainant, instead of paying his fare, he demanded the cabman's "fare book," and that not being produced, he took the driver's number, gave him his address, and walked off without paying him anything, the next step being to summons the man with a view to his further punishment. The worthy alderman on the Bench, however, was disposed to take a view of the affair not exactly in accord with that entertained by the gentleman, and characterised his behaviour as "unreasonable." There may be those who read the case who will be disposed to think that besides being unreasonable the complainant was both harsh and arbitrary. Unfortunately for the cabman, he had committed an offence by not carrying a book of fares, and for this he was ordered to pay the costs of the summons, the complaint of misbehaviour being dismissed.

HOLIDAY FAILURES.—The recurrence of Bank Holiday will bring to the fore in the minds of working men,—Where shall we go? "With a moderate sum at my disposal, and a day or two's liberty, how may I best invest both for the benefit of my wife, family, and myself?" It is the easiest thing in the world for plain-sailing Jack Jones to ask himself the question, but quite another thing to answer it satisfactorily. His judgment is hampered by his anxious regard for those immediately concerned, and, come the critical moment for deciding, he is tolerably sure to flounder, if not to founder altogether, and in the end he probably plunges in a hurry into the very thing that is least likely to suit him or his belongings. This will account for the singular spectacle that meets the eye at all places of popular holiday resort on the occasion of a national outing, especially at the seaside, at Margate, Brighton, Southend, and all places similar. It is very well during the first flush of excitement. The incompetent holiday-maker gets on swimmingly in the crowded excursion train, where flasks are so generously exchanged, and the warmth of friendship's glow keeps everybody in the carriage in a delightful state of perspiration. It is not until the end of the journey is attained, and it is incumbent on him to assert his individuality, that his spirits begin to flag. There is lots of fun in every direction,—the boats, the bathing machines, the "niggers" on the sands, the refreshment booths, the flymen, the pier, the promenade. Personally, however, he feels no craving for either of the enjoyments enumerated. The uproarious society is not at all to his taste, and in his mind he harbours the secret thought how much nicer it would be to be sauntering with the "missus" and the children through the leafy lanes of Hampstead or Dulwich. He is not a selfish man, however, and he tries desperately hard to keep up appearances, and spends his money with a free hand. He would give anything to make those about him happy, and fulfil his promise of making them remember Bank Holiday, but he does not know how to set about it. He lacks the knack, and hesitates at this, and has half a mind for that, and after all does next to nothing. He grows more and more conscious that he has made a mistake, and his assumed cheerfulness gradually subsides until, early in the afternoon, he is discovered with his little family solemnly sauntering, with no particular aim or object than to pass away the tedious hours ere it is time to return to the railway station for the homeward journey. Nor does the crowded carriage bring him a renewal of the delight of the morning. He is a victim to suppressed irritability, and fancies that he sees covert accusing in every glance his patient partner directs towards him. With a furtive hand he makes reckoning of the loose money in his pocket, and he dejectedly reflects on the small measure of enjoyment that has been purchased with the remainder of the amount set out with; and hot, jaded, and disgusted, a sigh of relief escapes him when he reaches home and exchanges his holiday-going boots for his easy old slippers. He is the representative of ten thousand to whom holidays are a burden rather than a blessing, in consequence of their inability to arrange a pleasure programme to suit their capacity.

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Company's Extract, which
for fine flavour and perfect
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all competent authorities
to be the best.** In use in most households throughout the kingdom.
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ASK for Liebig COMPANY'S Extract, and see that no
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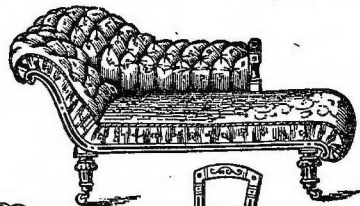
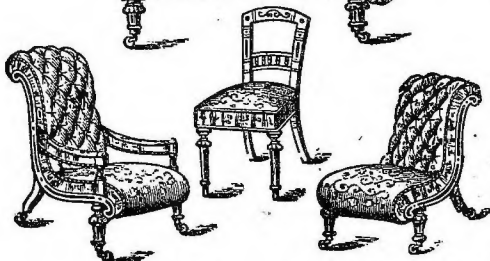
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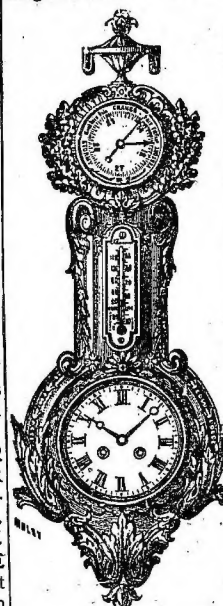
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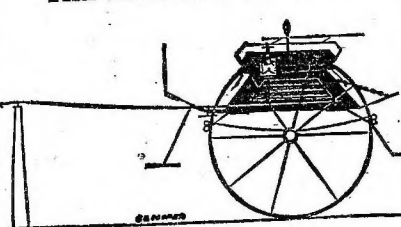
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hour, and is a sound move-
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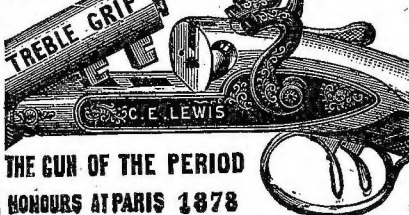


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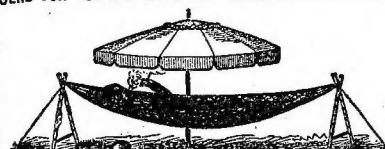
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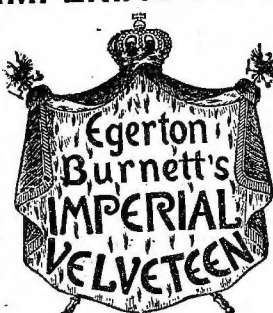
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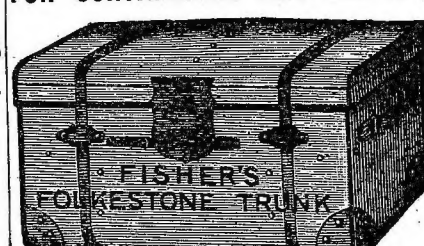
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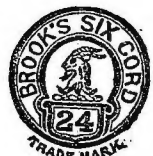
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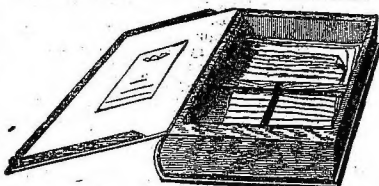
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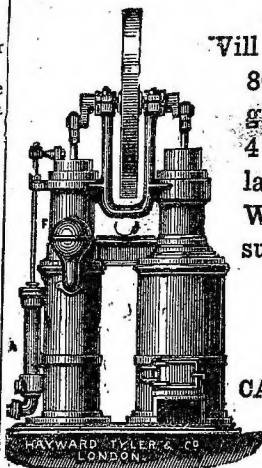
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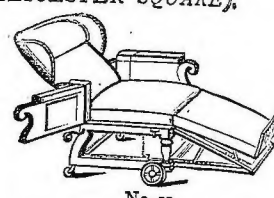
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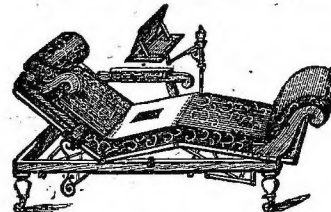


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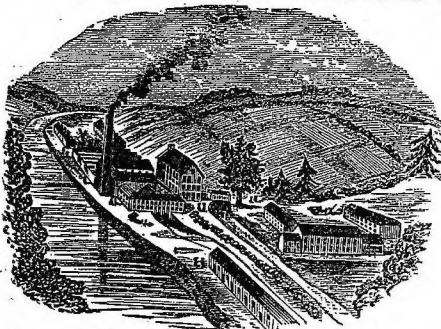
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